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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1909.

The Week.

Several important topics which President Taft was expected to deal with in his first annual message he reserves for later and special communications to Congress. The conservation policy is one of them; others are the Anti-Trust law and the Interstate Commerce act. The first result of this deliberate omission of exciting subjects is to cause the message to appear routine and unemotional. That of itself is not a bad thing. The country has not yet recovered an appetite for the highly spiced message of which it had more than enough in recent years. The proverb might be amended to read: "Happy the nation whose Presidential speeches and messages are dull." Yet there is, after all, one theme, and the chief one, in President Taft's message, which is so great a novelty that it might almost be called startling. We refer to his urgent demand that public expenditures be cut down. Not since President Cleveland has Congress heard anything like this from the White House. Moreover, he does not stop with singing the praises of economy merely in the abstract. He not only declares that savings are necessary, but shows how they may be made. By means of the so-called "budget committee" of the Cabinet, and through imperative directions to heads of departments, he has caused the knife to go deep into the estimates of public expenses. This total, as submitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, has been decreased from the last estimates of the Roosevelt Administration by more than $90,000,000, and is $42,000,000 under the actual appropriations for the current fiscal year. Even to have set such a mark for Congress to attain is a great political event. It gives firm Presidential sanction to retrenchment, and may help to bring back again the homely virtues of prudence and thrift in governmental affairs.

Economy and efficiency in the public service are the real watchwords of the message, though many other matters are touched upon. Of these, we shall here refer only to what the President says upon the tariff. First of all, he utters a reassuring word about the application of the maximum tariff in a retaliatory sense. Mr. Taft is not spoiling for a tariff war with other nations. Quite the reverse, he informs Congress: "I beg to express the hope and belief that no such result need be anticipated." Further, in dwelling upon the powers of the Tariff Commission, which the President thinks are ample, he says that "if the facts secured by the tariff board show generally that the rates of duty imposed by the present tariff are excessive, . . . I shall not hesitate to invite the attention of Congress to this fact, and to the necessity for action." This is a great advance over the Winona speech. It may not be a promise of definite tariff relief, but shows how it can be got, and faces in the right direction. It appears from his concluding paragraph that the President is troubled by the continuance of high and increasing prices. But he does not admit that this high cost of living is due to the tariff. Nor is it, in its entirety, for some prices have risen all over the world. But the President would not deny that the tariff on woollen goods, which he has publicly declared to be indefensible, compels Americans to pay exorbitant prices for woollen clothing or else wear cotton or shoddy. There we have at least one set of high prices for which the tariff is directly responsible.

The executive order providing a systematic method of appointments and promotions in the diplomatic service marks an important step toward making that career attractive to qualified young men. The scheme laid down contemplates more than the mere introduction of an examination system. Initial appointments from outside the service are to be made only to the lowest grades, and the Secretary of State is directed to report from time to time to the President the names of those who have demonstrated special capacity. Careful records of efficiency are to be kept, as a basis of recommendations for promotion; and all the secretaryships in the diplomatic service are to be graded according to their importance and difficulty, so that a transfer from one to another shall have a definite significance. The entrance examinations themselves will, of course, be of a character bearing expressly on the special needs of the diplomatic service; and provision is made for preventing the appointment of those who may have the ability to answer examination questions but have not the peculiar personal qualifications required, by limiting certifications to persons specially designated by the President, subject to examination and other tests.

A man has been found brave enough to dare to accept the mission to China. Marvellous to say, he, like Mr. Crane, comes from Chicago, and his heart is yet undeterred within him. The new appointment seems promising. Mr. W. J. Calhoun is not merely a lawyer of high repute; he has several times rendered governmental service. As special commissioner of President McKinley to Cuba, just before the outbreak of war, Mr. Calhoun made a report which did much to increase public indignation over conditions in that island. It is only fair to say, however, that this was written in a judicial tone, and criticised Cubans and Spaniards alike. For some time after the outbreak of war, he was a valued adviser of President McKinley, who, on March 8, 1898, appointed him Interstate Commerce Commissioner. This office he resigned in 1900. In the year 1905, President Roosevelt appointed him special commissioner to Venezuela. His judicial report upon conditions there is believed to have changed Mr. Roosevelt's intention to be very drastic with the ill-behaving Venezuelans. Mr. Calhoun is, therefore, not without diplomatic qualifications for his new post.

We regret to note that the Secretary of War supports in his annual report the pending bill to increase the army by 612 officers. That there is serious absenteeism is admitted—he reports 709 officers who are away from their organizations, among them not less than one-third of the captains of companies. Unfortunately, Secretary Dickinson, like his predecessors, believes that the only remedy is increasing the total number of officers. The history of the army has demonstrated, however, that this is no remedy at all, so long as the War

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Department fails to set its face against useless and unnecessary details. When the number of officers for each regiment of cavalry and infantry was increased, on the reorganization of the army in 1901, it was on the distinct assurance of the War Department that the surplus officers would take care of all necessary details. If the Department continues to lend officers to committees of Congress, to so-called military schools, and for a dozen other non-military purposes, as instructors, the drain will continue. Today, no less than twenty nine officers are with the Panama Canal Commission, 105 on recruiting duty, and sixty-three at private schools. Secretary Dickinson is on the right track in asking that capable retired officers should be assigned to active duty temporarily. This he can do now only if the officers consent. Before deciding on an increase in officers which would be without parallel in any European service, Congress should begin by giving him this permission, letting him understand that unnecessary details should be cut off.

One recommendation for reform is not to be found in Secretary Meyer's preliminary statement of the coming reorganization of the Navy Department. There is no suggestion that the "political navy yards" which exist only by grace of the Senators and Congressmen in whose States they are located, be done away. The Secretary or the President with the moral courage to grapple with this question has not yet been found. Yet there lies an opportunity for enormous saving, to say nothing of the release of officers for other duties than policing obscure naval stations, such as that at New Orleans, or the one at Port Royal, South Carolina, whose useless drydock no battleship can reach on account of insufficient water in the channel. If manufacturing efficiency calls for the concentration of power plants in navy yards, the efficiency of the whole service demands the concentration of naval work at four or five yards at most. The reorganizers of the defunct United States Shipbuilding Company speedily found that the most economical way to handle those ship-yards which were worth keeping up was to let each yard do a specific work. Thus, one or two build large ships, one small vessels, another concentrates on repairs, and still another on equipments of various kinds. The Government should do likewise. There is nothing in the argument that in the event of war, it would be well to have a number of yards in case one might fall into the enemy's hands.

To most people, the news that J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased from Thomas F. Ryan the majority interest in the Equitable Life acquired by Ryan from James H. Hyde in 1905, has doubtless come as a great surprise. Those, however, who were fully conversant with the nature of the Ryan control knew that a change of some sort was inevitable. The deed of trust, whereby Ryan placed voting power over his Equitable stock in the hands of three trustees, was due to terminate on the 15th of next June. One of the three trustees, ex-President Cleveland, had died, and his place in the trust had not been filled. Ryan himself had been withdrawing from active business, and a belief had long existed that his Equitable holdings were for sale. The arrangement whereby control of the life insurance company should be independently exercised by Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Morgan J. O'Brien, and Mr. George Westinghouse was, in other words, a necessarily temporary expedient, and only a few months more remained to it. Conversion of the Equitable Life into a mutual organization, either through alteration of its charter, or through purchase of the Ryan stock by the company itself, had apparently been prevented by the courts, at the instance of minority shareholders. Mr. Morgan's purchase of control is a not unnatural sequel.

The President's recommendation concerning the Naval Observatory is eminently sound. He urges that the official head of that great astronomical establishment should be an eminent astronomer, and not a naval officer detailed for service for a shorter or longer term. This mode of filling the post of head of the Observatory could not have survived so long as it has were it not for the false notion conveyed in the name of the institution. As the President truly says, all the uses of the Observatory specifically related to the needs of the navy might be subserved at a small fraction of the present cost. The part it really plays is that of a great national observatory, and its material equipment is of a character befitting such a part. The President calls it "the most magnificent and expensive astronomical establishment in the world." Together with its important observational work is carried on the Nautical Almanac, in connection with which the labors of Simon Newcomb and of George W. Hill have made American mathematical astronomy illustrious the world over.

Importers of works of art are suffering the necessary inconveniences that accompany a reform, as well as some that are wholly unnecessary. That it should take a fortnight to get an old picture through the customs is perhaps due to the sudden increase of importation. Yet when one recalls that a skilled examiner should generally know offhand whether a picture is or is not twenty years old—the really ambiguous cases being very few—it seems certain that the organization of the customs is not adequate to the new work. If it were merely a question of waiting, doubtless the importers would possess their souls in patience. But an old painting on panel is about as perishable an import as a pineapple. What must have been the feeling of that dealer who, after waiting a month, received three old Dutch paintings which had entered the public stores intact, cracked from top to bottom? It is idle to say that he may sue the Government. That may or may not indemnify him for his loss. But damage of this sort cannot be reckoned merely in dollars. To deface a fine picture diminishes the resources of civilization itself. We know of four notable pictures that have been thus injured—in every case it seems through heat—while in the custody of the government. For these delicate objects either a special storeroom at a low and equable temperature should be provided, or, if that be impracticable, some system of prompt release under bond should be devised.

The brusqueness of Secretary Knox's dealings with Nicaragua would appear heightened if it should prove to be true, as reported, that the Mexican Government was not consulted and does not wholly approve of the steps that have been taken. Mexico as well as the United States was interested in the Central American treaty of peace and amity which was signed at Washington in 1907. It was a part of the skill with which Secretary Root conducted the ne-

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gotiations that he was able to induce the Mexican Government to appear alongside ours in urging the five republics to agree to leave off their chronic revolutionary and filibuster habits. Mexico is their nearest neighbor, territorially, and her joining with us gave the movement for assuring peace in Central America an air of sincerity which otherwise it might not have worn. And it was so obviously the thing to do to keep the Mexican Government fully advised of the whole situation and of the intentions of the Administration that we can hardly believe that Secretary Knox omitted this precaution. If it be true, as Napoleon said, that imagination rules the world, it is nowhere more true than in the world of diplomacy. No foreign minister should fix his eyes on business to the neglect of sentiment. And it is already plain from the expressions of those entitled to speak for the feelings of South Americans, that the **effect of Secretary Knox's proceedings may be greater upon their imagination than upon actual conditions in Nicaragua.**

Mr. Asquith's followers are much encouraged by the promise of hearty cooperation held out by the spokesman of the Labor party in the House of Commons. The Labor influence is important not only on account of the fifty and odd seats it now controls in Parliament, but because of the many doubtful constituencies it can swing to either of the two great parties. The question is whether the Labor leaders feel that the present constitutional crisis threatens their own ultimate interests to an extent warranting the sacrifice of immediate party advantages to the common Liberal cause. It has been argued, for instance, that the Labor party, like the Irish party, would be happy to see a large reduction in the present Liberal majority; that would mean the balance of power in the hands of the small third parties. It may also be argued that if the Laborites can increase their own Parliamentary representation by a score of votes, they can even afford to see a Conservative Ministry in power. That would be a policy of indifference as to who rules the roost until the time when the Labor party is itself strong enough to think of office. But, on the other hand, the Labor leaders cannot overlook the fact that a victory for the House of Lords would mean a reaction which would take years to stem.

It has repeatedly been shown that people can be more royalist than the King himself. Hungary is now in the midst of a political crisis centring about the question whether it is possible for a politician to be more Kossuthian than Kossuth himself. In 1906 the Independent party, under the leadership of Francis Kossuth, a son of the patriot leader of 1848, secured a majority in the Hungarian lower house, and Francis Kossuth became practically the leading spirit in a coalition Ministry of Independents and Liberals pledged to the establishment of universal suffrage and the reconstruction of the economic arrangements with Austria. No serious endeavor was made to redeem the promise of electoral reform, and the prestige of the majority also suffered from dissensions within the Independent ranks. As a result, the Wekerle Cabinet resigned early in the present year and an interim Ministry was installed. The break within the Independence party has come over the question of a separate Hungarian Bank which the extremists, led by De Justh, the former president of the Chamber, wish to see established by January 1, 1911. The project was opposed as impossible by Francis Kossuth, who, however, has been unable to carry the majority of the party with him. Kossuth accused his followers of treachery and declared that without the prestige of his name most of them could not have made their way into Parliament. Whereupon the Justh faction accused Kossuth of being recreant to the principles of his famous sire, because of his lukewarm defence of Magyar interests. There are now, therefore, an Independence and 1848 party, led by De Justh, and an Independence, 1848, and Kossuth party under the old leadership. The prospects for a stable Ministry in the immediate future are not bright.

Premier Giolitti, who resigned office last week, has been the dominating figure in Italian politics since 1901, when he entered the Zanardelli Cabinet as Minister of the Interior. In 1903 he formed a Cabinet of his own, and with a year's interval in 1905-6 he has remained at the head of the Government. The combination against Giolitti shows an odd alliance of Constitutional Liberals, Republicans, and Socialists, reinforced probably by the "fluid" vote that always inclines towards the victorious side. The specific question on which the Government has found itself weak is its ship-subsidies bill, in which it is accused of having made favorites of certain shipping interests. Giolitti might have saved himself by throwing over the unpopular members of his Cabinet, the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, who negotiated the subsidy arrangements, the Minister of Instruction, who has antagonized the Anti-Clericals, and the Minister of Agriculture and Industry, who has against him popular opinion in Sicily. The chances are, however, that Giolitti's retirement means only a brief vacation. The Opposition may form a temporary coalition Ministry, but it is evident that the Anti-Clerical Socialists and Republicans cannot work together with the Constitutional Liberal leader, Baron Sonnino, who is strongly opposed to a hostile policy towards the church.

A contributor to the *Revue Bleue* writes that, with the exception of the nobility and the purveyors to their Christian majesties, "no one in Spain is interested in King or Queen, or royal infants." He recalls the words of Ferdinand VII: "Spain is a bottle of beer, and I am the cork," and puts them into the young King's mouth. It may be granted that the patience of the country has been sorely tried; that cynicism is, perhaps, a natural enough philosophy for the Peninsula. But let it be noted that "the protests abroad prove that there is a common patrimony of liberty and democracy," as the Madrid *Imparcial* has declared. The Pyrenees are no longer a perfect insulation. If the present situation does not inspire overpowering optimism, yet the throwing down of the barrier is itself evidence against generalizations of a too sombre kind. During the regency were realized important domestic reforms. Under Maria Christina revolution was subdued to evolution: the Anglo-Saxon method, as we like to think. There is no need to be too despondent over Spain's future. The good work of years is not to be effaced in months. Already the new Liberal Government is at work, and the wide extension of local rights and home rule just announced by Premier Moret may be an earnest of good things to come.

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SOCIALISM AND HUMAN NATURE.

"After all," says an able and effective writer in the *Contemporary Review*, "those who want Socialism want it because they want liberty, because they are tired of being crushed and thwarted in a confused and planless world where men and peoples struggle and die without knowing for what they struggle or why they live." The sentiment is fine, and it undoubtedly underlies the attitude of the finest and highest spirits among those who to-day range themselves more or less completely on the side of Socialism. But what assurance have they that any socialistic reconstitution of society would furnish that basis of life which they crave? What reason have they to think that, in the new world they dream of, men would be penetrated with a knowledge of "what they struggle for and why they live"? In Edward Bellamy's phantasy, to be sure, there was to be nothing that could properly be called struggle at all; and it is the unattractiveness of such a world to men of vigorous nature which partly accounts for the rapid dying out of interest in that kind of Utopia. But, struggle or no struggle, how are we to infuse into the material world around us, or into the institutions of society, that which will give to human life an absolute foundation? That no such foundation exists to-day, Socialist enthusiasts have no difficulty in showing; but that any change in social arrangements will bring about a state of things in which men will know a whit better than they now do "for what they struggle and why they live," none of these writers gives us the faintest reason for believing. Men may be happier or less happy; they may be better or worse; but the meaning and purpose of life will remain, just as it has always been, a mystery illumined only by the inward experiences of each individual. To imagine that any contrivance can supply us with a full solution of the problem of human existence is to indulge a childish delusion.

Perhaps the one man who has most consistently held up an ideal of life freed from the meaningless complexities of modern civilization is Tolstoy. The typical Socialist is set aglow by dreams of the beauty that might be breathed into the lives of all men if only the conquests of science and invention were properly utilized for the broadening of every man's horizon, the enrichment of every man's opportunities! Tolstoy sees hope only in the abandonment of all the vanities of learning and art, all the endless developments of scientific progress, and in the devotion of mankind to the pursuit of the simplest duties and the cultivation of the simplest virtues. The ordinary Socialist holds that when progress has done her perfect work, all mankind will be emancipated, as a fortunate minority now are, from the dull pressure of exacting toil; and he assumes that this freedom will carry with it true felicity. Tolstoy believes that only in the common performance of homely tasks is the salvation of men to be found. The two views differ diametrically as to the means by which the goal is to be attained; but the goal in both cases is the same. That goal is a condition of the world in which the activities of life shall give to the soul of man a satisfaction different not merely in degree, but in kind, from that which man has hitherto enjoyed; different in kind because the satisfaction is definite where it is now vague and elusive, absolute where it is now relative.

An interesting exposition of Tolstoy's attitude, in the form of a letter to a peasant, appeared recently in the *Times*. That science is not only vain, but harmful; that its development has been but part of the exploitation of the poor by the rich; that the only true science is that which teaches man "how to live true to conscience, before God, his appointed term of life"—these familiar Tolstoyan doctrines are, of course, set forth. "People need only cease to believe in the science introduced by force and by rewards, and not study it, but keep to the one free science" of right living, and the existing wretchedness of the great mass of mankind will "vanish of itself." How purely this belief of Tolstoy's as to the future is an act of faith, may, perhaps, be best inferred from a single instance. He has been bitterly denouncing the desire of any workingman for education, based upon the deceitful plea that this education will be used in the service of the people; what really happens, he says, is merely that one of the oppressed becomes one of the oppressors. The poor he describes as "the half-naked, half-famished, dirty, never-resting, illiterate men, made dependent for life by poverty, who work sixteen hours a day for two rubles a week." And it does not seem to occur to Tolstoy that it is only in Russia, where popular education is unknown, that even the most extravagant agitator would dream of so describing the condition of the working masses; nor that the superiority of the state of the people in countries in which modern ideas of science are predominant has any bearing on his notion that science is the handmaiden of robbery.

The usual Socialist millennium centres, as does Tolstoy's, upon the thought of a fundamental harmony running through the whole life of society and giving to human existence a significance to which, under present conditions, it can lay no claim. But whether such harmony as is aimed at in either case, supposing it attainable, would truly satisfy the longings of human nature is a question on which either gives us little help. In this same letter of Tolstoy's may be found an unconscious confession that his own idea does not satisfy his instinctive feeling of the needs of human nature. There will always, he tells us, be plenty of work to do:

> That work will consist of making clear to every man what he must do that none should be hungry or deprived of the use of the land on which they were born, that there should be no women giving up their bodies to dishonor, that the temptations to intoxication, alcohol, opium, and tobacco should not exist, that men should not be divided into hostile nations, that there should be no murder of foreigners in war, and of one's own people on gallows or guillotines, that there should be no religious deceptions, and many other things.

What is this but an admission that not a state of perfection, but of imperfection, not a grand unbroken harmony, but struggle and trial, not the absence of temptation and hardships, but the fight to overcome them, is necessary to the exercise of man's vital forces, the working out of man's nature? And this once admitted, what becomes of the arraignment of the present condition of society because it does not give life an absolute meaning, does not enable men to know "for what they struggle and why they live"?

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pleading for harmony, mutual respect, and justice, he is performing a patriotic service which it would be hard to overestimate. One of the foremost white educators now at work in the South exclaimed on hearing of the details of Mr. Washington's recent trip through Tennessee: "Now I believe there is going to be a revolution in the South in favor of the negro." Of the fifty thousand persons who, it is estimated, attended his meetings, nearly one-half were white; and in every case he was received with an enthusiasm which would have turned the head of any less balanced and sagacious leader.

Lest we be accused of exaggeration, we would remind our readers that Judge Floyd Estill, at Winchester, Tennessee, introduced Washington the negro, once a homeless and destitute wanderer, as "a fine type of the true Southern gentleman"; that Judge J. H. Price, another typical Southerner of high position, classed Booker Washington with the first President, with Thomas Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, Lee, and other Virginia worthies, as among that State's most distinguished sons; and that Judge J. M. Steen of the Circuit Court introduced him with these words:

> We believe that as the patriarchs of old were inspired by God to lead their people out of darkness into light, to guide them on the right road to right living and success, so he who is to speak to us to-night is inspired to lead his race to higher, better things. But his message is not for you alone. It is not alone for this city or this State. By helping you he helps us; by helping you he helps every man, woman, and child in all this broad land of ours.

All of this is enough to make any man accustomed to the ravings of the ordinary Southern office-seeker, or firebrand lecturer of the Tillman order, rub his eyes and ask whether a revolution is not actually at hand. Yet these compliments to Mr. Washington and his work were received with the heartiest approval by thousands of earnest white listeners.

Still, this turning to Mr. Washington by such men of prominence ought not to surprise us. It is just the better self of the South coming to the front. Men like the judges we have quoted have come to see that if the races are to live in peace and comfort, the negroes who are progressing, who are laboring in Mr. Washington's spirit, must be sustained and upheld. More and more, too, men of standing are bound to recognize the obligation the South owes to the negro. Speaking at Brownsville in Mr. Washington's presence, Judge John R. Bond of the Tennessee Circuit Court said: "I was born and reared here in the South, and have associated all of my life with negroes. I feel that as a Southern white man I owe a debt to the negro I can never repay." His gratitude was specially for the way in which the negroes protected and cared for the white women and children who were left at home during the war. But there is even a higher and more sacred obligation than that—the duty of caring for a backward race because it is backward, and of helping it onward and upward. The man who would injure a defective or crippled child must be an outcast from society; the time will come when all nations will take a similar attitude towards those human beings who are handicapped, particularly if, as in the case of our negro, their plight is largely no fault of their own.

To this quiet but ever-present appeal the true Southern gentleman is bound to respond, because he has a heart, because essentially he believes in fair play, and because he is an American. Further proof of this lies in the space given to Mr. Washington's trips in South Carolina, in Virginia, in Mississippi, and in Tennessee, by the newspapers of those sections. The Tennessee press has yielded to Mr. Washington its first pages and reported his speeches in full, even where the proceedings called for four or more columns. At Charleston, last winter, the prominent editors joined the Mayor in welcoming the colored orator; in Tennessee the editors have sat upon his platforms. More than that, the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* has recently honored itself and its profession by instructing its correspondents to bear down as lightly as possible upon negro crime and to say as much as possible about negro strivings for betterment. The Nashville *Banner* is another journal that is doing its best to be just to the negro, and trying not to lay undue stress upon the crimes of the rascals who disgrace their race—just as there are plenty of white men who do the devil's work. The Columbia *State* has also long battled for fair play; recently it has incurred unmerited criticism for denouncing the unjust punishment of a negro because he was a negro.

To come back to Mr. Washington, the greatest service he can render to-day is plainly not at Tuskegee, and not at the White House conferring as to appointments, but on the stump in the South. His bearing and popularity enable white men to speak out freely where it would sometimes be difficult to do so if the negro endorsed were less well known. Public opinion is far more dreaded in the South than in the North; it takes vastly more courage there to break the bonds of custom and habit than anywhere else in this country, for social ostracism is more quickly brought to bear. Let him who doubts this read Walter Page's new novel, "The Southerner." The reason why the educator we have quoted sees a revolution coming is because Southern men everywhere are beginning to break away from the conventions, even the terrorism, which have kept them silent heretofore. At any rate, Mr. Washington is to-day a great interpreter and leader. This must be recognized, whether one agrees with him in all his views or not. It is just fifty years since the death of John Brown; who could have thought in 1859 that a colored man in 1909 would have so won the gratitude and esteem of the nation?

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

Thoroughly discounted as last week's vote in the House of Lords had been, it yet came at the end with the sense of a great historic event. It marks the imminence of a vital change in the English Constitution. Say what one will, the Lords have violated the unbroken precedent of years. They have laid rude hands on a Money Bill. This is an act which all the text-book writers, of whatever party, and a long line of statesmen, whether Liberal or Conservative—including among the latter Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour himself—have declared to be beyond the competence of the upper chamber. Constitutionally, we are in the presence of an indubitable revolution. The Lords have the legal power to throw out the budget, in the sense that without their consent, and the King's, it cannot become law, but the constitutional doctrine is firmly established that they have no longer the right to withhold their consent to a money bill which has passed the Commons, any more than has the King. From the standpoint of the English Constitution, the Lords

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are wholly and hopelessly in the wrong. If that Constitution were written as ours is, and enforceable by a suit in a Supreme Court, there can be no doubt that the action of the Lords would be declared null and void.

In England, however, the Constitution is not only unwritten, but fluid and changeable. The English court of last resort is the English democracy. This is shrewdly recognized by the terms of the motion adopted by the Lords, namely, that they would not accept the budget until it had been passed upon by the people. Thus the aristocratic house would seek to appear more democratic than the Commons. But it may be retorted that this semblance of deference to the democracy is a sham. The Lords profess to appeal to the mass of voters, but in reality they are acting in a way to deprive one-half the voters of the effectiveness of their ballot. That is to say, Liberal votes will not hereafter count, in the matter of taxing, if a permanently Conservative and non-elective House of Lords may reject any taxes of which it does not approve. The sort of referendum on the budget which the Lords are blandly proposing is only a half-way thing. It is logically and politically necessary to go further. The electors will pronounce on the whole Constitutional issue, which runs far beyond this year's budget; and will, if they sustain the Liberal party, make it certain that sweeping guarantees against meddling by the Lords will be exacted. This, then, is the far-reaching question which will soon be passed upon in a general election. From it, the House of Lords may emerge, either with its powers enlarged and its prestige enormously enhanced, or so discredited that it will remain in the English system as little more than a gilded nullity.

Yet we must be on our guard against exaggerating the crisis by taking it for granted that the English will suddenly become doctrinaire and apply root-and-branch methods. Walter Bagehot publicly thanked God that his countrymen never mixed logic with their politics, and we may be sure that they will not begin to do so overnight. Extremists on both sides will prophesy dire things in the course of the impending campaign, but it may well prove that the ingrained English moderation will not permit violent extremes in either direction. On the one hand, we have the picture, in the event of Liberal success, of a single-chamber government driven into wild Socialistic excesses. But no electioneering oratory will persuade sober Englishmen that anything like that can result. The other picture is of an hereditary House of Lords, emboldened by its great triumph, if the Conservatives win, setting itself up haughtily above the Commons in all matters. But that is also too lurid. Mr. Balfour himself, if he were to become Prime Minister again, might easily be the first to read the overweening Lords a severe lesson, and to threaten them with all kinds of pains and penalties if they thought to ignore or over-ride the wishes of the directly elected representatives of the people of England.

It is evident, too, that this practical English good sense will be applied to the immediate problem of the financial confusion caused by the rejection of the budget. This has been called "chaos," and it might easily be made so by the Ministry. With the failure of the budget, all the annual and increased taxes collected since last April are illegally in the Treasury and could be recovered by a suit at law. Their total amount the *Economist* reckons at more than $250,000,000; and there would also be the rest of the fiscal year to provide for. To raise this large sum by a loan or Treasury Bills would be awkward. But the Government has already notified importers of tea that the tea duties will surely be validated, and it is reported that the income tax will go on being collected without protest. It might be thought good tactics for the Liberal Cabinet to make the financial situation created by the Lords appear as bad as possible; but the leaders of a party which stands for good order and sound finance do well to show that they are prepared to do everything in their power to minimize the disturbance. Liberal hopes and the Liberal cause do not depend upon inflaming men's minds about disordered finances.

The coming contest is one into which the Liberals will enter unitedly and with high spirit. They could not have asked better ground on which to fight. Six months ago, everything was going against the party in power. As Lord Morley is reported to have said in private, whatever the Government undertook to do seemed to be unpopular. Bye-elections were running against them heavily. But the budget and the conflict with the Lords have changed the whole face of the political sky. Where the election prophets were saying a year ago that the Liberals were certain to be severely beaten at the next general election, they now forecast a Liberal majority—though, of course, much reduced from that of 1906. Whatever the outcome, the struggle will be of intense interest because such great issues and momentous consequences are involved. The thrilling watchwords which the Liberals now have at their command have not echoed in England since 1832. Americans have special reason to follow the political battle with eagerness, since it is certain that the high debate on popular rights and on taxing accumulated wealth cannot fail to have a powerful influence in this country. We in the United States shall soon have these burning questions thrust upon us also.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

We Americans are wont to assent, shamefacedly enough, to the reflections made by foreign criticism upon our conduct of the business of parentage. Our children are seen and very much heard, they are ill-mannered, conceited, insubordinate—tyrants of the household. Their chief hope, not, to be sure, of good manners, but of decent citizenship, lies in the curiously strict discipline provided by our public-school system. Confessing our individual inadequacy, we appoint a formidable pedagogue whose duty it is not merely to teach the young idea how to shoot, but to teach the young will how to submit. Later, the business is taken up by experience—by the exactions of business and social life. In the end our children turn out much better than we have any reason to expect, much better, certainly, than we deserve. As individuals, we have done what we could to make nuisances of them.

In some such guise we must see ourselves as others see us; and how shall we make denial of it as a totally false presentment? There is, no doubt, a tit for tat. Our feebly good-natured handling of children is, we may retort, due to our acceptance of children as the staples of domestic life. Among other peoples, it seems to us that they are oftenest regarded as necessary but inconvenient incidents. The English child of the better class, as we see him in fic-

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tion, is pretty strictly confined to the nursery and the playground until the wished-for hour arrives of his dismissal to the public school. At intervals his "gov'nor" recognizes his existence with a pat on the head, a platitude, or a fiver. And his memories of childhood are touched with dreamy visions of "the mater" in a ball-gown momentarily (and not without sentiment) inspecting her safely dormant offspring as she passes to the real business of life. This sort of casual acquaintance between parent and child does not seem to exhaust the possibilities of the relationship. We flatter ourselves that the American child knows its own father, at all events, and we look askance at the importation of the foreign method among our "best people."

But we confess certain misgivings as to our own wisdom. It is to be hoped that the alien observer may have noted a cheering sign or two of late, as, for example, our growing sentiment against the Comic Supplement. This offence has become so extreme as actually to bring itself home to our nostrils. But the source of it, the root from which it springs, and which it brings to a horrid efflorescence, is perhaps less generally perceived.

Much nonsense has been put forth about the regulation of children's reading. This is a late day to attempt a rigid censorship of an urchin's literary acquaintances, and as for leading him, there is probably no method better than that of our grandfathers—to turn him loose in a man's library and let him taste its strong fare. For the rest, any normal boy ought to relish the absurdities of the dime novel, and any natural girl ought to be able to wallow in the sentimental fairy tale. Blood-curdling adventure is as necessary to the diet of the one as sugary romance is to that of the other. Even the watery pap provided by the average Christmas book or in the pages of the ordinary children's publication, probably does little harm if less good to the adolescent morale.

But we have a class of writers "for youth" whose influence is really demoralizing. It is their postulate which the Comic Supplement develops to the point of nausea. We mean that order of scribbling parasites who make a business of flattering children into the belief, or the "working hypothesis," that they are wiser and better than their elders.

Honest parent, do you know why your boy likes Horatio Alger? Did you ever read "Do or Dare," or one of its congeners? If so, you realize that a large part of the charm lies in the superiority under all circumstances of the youthful hero. His father, or guardian, or employer, is a grown man, and, as such, either a fool or a tyrant—preferably a little of each. The boy himself, from the first page, is exhibited in the enviable act of doing or daring his elders at every possible turn. There is no danger for him in "sassing back." No shingle is ever permitted to fall upon his sacred person; he is immune from all the ills that a mortal puerility is naturally heir to. In short, he is the kind of fellow a fellow would like to be. The same bauble of triumphant adolescence is dangled before the fancy of the girl reader. We have been moved to these remarks by chance contact with a new story by a popular writer for girls. The heroine has always been downtrodden by a heartless and stingy mother. We have the advantage of admittance to the scene at the moment when the worm turns. After the first few pages we have nothing to fear for the daughter, who thereafter has everything her own way—a selfish, vain, saucy little prig, greatly admired, to all appearances, by her creator, who does not hesitate to describe her as "living the Golden Rule." It is hard to believe in the honesty of the purveyor of this sort of commodity. We do not see that he is to be distinguished in kind from those notorious offenders who are guilty of the red and yellow enormities of the Comic Supplement.

GOOD LETTER-WRITING.

"Authors, my altogether dear woman, can't write letters. At best they squeeze out an essay now and then." James Russell Lowell wrote to this effect precisely forty years ago, in addressing Miss Norton; and he added: "They are thinking of their punctuation, of crossing their *t*'s and dotting their *i*'s, and cannot altogether forget themselves in their correspondent, which I take to be the true recipe." The assertion of fact is true enough: the writer of good books is not necessarily a good letter-writer. He is even apt to be, like Dr. Holmes, only "a very good correspondent *as a reader* of letters." But with Lowell's explanatory principle one is tempted to quarrel. The best letter-writer does not forget himself in his correspondent: he leaves it to his correspondent to do the forgetting. And while on the subject of rules for letter-writing, let us not overlook James Howell: "A Letter or Epistle should be short-coated, and closely couch'd; a Hungerlin becomes a Letter more handsomely than a gown."

Such recollections come to one who reads Lafcadio Hearn's "Japanese Letters" in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, with an introduction by Elizabeth Bisland. "Great letter-writers, like other artists," observes Miss Bisland, "must needs have the original birth-gift; but this gift, to ripen to complete fruition, requires certain fostering circumstances." Some loneliness of character or of condition is one of these "fostering circumstances": either shyness, or a lack of ease in oral expression, or want of sympathetic companionship. "Madame de Sévigné and Lord Chesterfield were both reported stiff and dry in conversation," says Miss Bisland; "FitzGerald was exaggeratedly diffident. Lamb's family sorrows forced him to turn to others for intimate intercourse; and the same was true of Thackeray. Stevenson's long exile made his pen his best means of fellowship." All this is not pure theory. To expect the ordinary "literary man" to write letters is, commonly, much like expecting the carpenter to spend his holidays (as Gautier expressed it) "planing boards for the fun of it." He demands a special provocation, an eloquent incitement.

Such an incitement or inspiration was Lafcadio Hearn's. "His shyness was extreme," as one testifies who knew him well. "His life, from his nineteenth year, was a sojourn in foreign lands. Without family ties for twenty years, those ties, when formed in middle age, bound him to aliens in race and tongue." He attained to a greater intuitive knowledge of the Japanese than it has been given to other Occidental men to have. Yet he never so mastered the language as to be able freely to express his thoughts in the tongue of his wife and children. "I'm writing," he told Professor Chamberlain of the Imperial University, in one of the newly published letters, "just because I feel lonesome. . . . However, if I can amuse you at all, you will forgive me." Forgive him? One may easily answer for Chamberlain as to

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that. What is more, it is easy to pity him, that subtle colorist and etcher:

> The illusions are forever over; but the memory of many pleasant things remains. I know much more about the Japanese than I did a year ago; and still I am far from understanding them well. Even my own little wife is somewhat mysterious still to me, though always in a lovable way.

Hearn is not, we think, one of the greatest English letter-writers, although some of his letters written from New Orleans shake us in that opinion. Certainly his letters have always a fascinating subject-matter; it was his to live in strange places, to read strange books, to eat forbidden fruits. His correspondence is, finally, to be treasured as no other writer's since Edward FitzGerald. In it, one finds the same vivid color and flexible craftsmanship with which we made acquaintance in his tales of old Japan, and in his essays and travel-sketches. When other letters were published, three years ago, we called his touch "magic," and we reiterate the word. Nor was he writing for the public: only out of his great love for friends, and out of his pitiable loneliness. Here was one letter-writing author unpreoccupied with his punctuation; one whose thought went farther than the "crossing of his *t*'s and dotting of his *i*'s." And yet, in him, we have one of our rare writers with an artistic conscience: a faculty that we have lost in this era of "virile" style, masking a literary anæmia.

JESSIE WHITE MARIO.

I.

The historian of the great modern national movements finds himself perplexed by being obliged at every moment to discriminate or to strike the balance between Reason and Emotion—the two elements out of which human events are spun. They may be allies—but more often they are antagonists; and although either may give the impetus to a social or political revolution, the other may finally control it. As mankind in the mass has always acted from the emotions much more than from reason, history, to be lifelike, should be rich in emotional data. Needless to say, however, these are usually the hardest to recover. The result is that most written histories have an orderly, almost cut-and-dried character which rarely belonged to history in the making. Rarely, too, would the actors in an historic movement recognize themselves as moving from point to point with the imposing inevitableness with which the logical historian endues their action.

No recent historical period, not even that of the French Revolution, was so surcharged with emotion as was the Italian Risorgimento. To understand the course of its events, at least from 1815 to 1848, one needs, above all, to know the emotions which underlay Italian patriots. In some fashion, we may describe the struggle as a conflict between the New, intoxicated with Emotion, and the Old, shut up in a strait-jacket of Reason which no longer served the common needs. For though Reason may be infinite and eternal, those special bits of it which men isolate for the purposes of a party or for a time, are not: and the Reason which had once sufficed to make absolutism acceptable to entire nations, was now regarded as a hideous perversion.

It is just because Jessie White Mario so typically embodied the emotions which ruled one of the great divisions of Italian patriots that her life has a significance far more important than any of her actual deeds. Perhaps the fact that she was an Englishwoman who adopted the cause of Italy with all the fire of an unusually vehement nature, makes her Italianism a little more salient than that of the Italians themselves. The zeal of the convert is proverbially thorough; Jessie White was not, in one sense, a convert, for her love of freedom and her belief in brotherhood and equality were inborn; but Italy became the object on which she lavished her devotion to these ideals, and which she felt doubly bound to defend.

Her last volume, which has been admirably compiled by Duke Litta*, is less autobiographical than those of us who knew Signora Mario would like to have it. Until she appears on the scene in 1854 it is, in fact, an informal history of Mazzini. She states in her own way the gospel of the great agitator; she tells the story of his apostolate—of the seemingly futile expeditions, of the years of exile, sometimes dark to the verge of suicide, and always filled with indefatigable conspiring. This story she has told before in Italian, but she adds here many touches which will appeal to American and English readers. Of Mazzini's life in London, for instance, of his friendships with the Carlyles and other English men and women, she writes intimately. If any one still doubts the personal charm—yes, the lovableness also—of Mazzini, he need only read these glowing pages.

II.

Jessie White, born at Gosport, May 9, 1832, was the daughter of a prosperous English yacht-builder. From her youth up, she was a "heretic," whether in her attitude towards the effete Anglicanism of the time, or in her social and political ideals. At twenty-one, she was supporting herself by teaching and writing—a remarkable achievement for a young Englishwoman in that period. At twenty-two, she lived in Paris; and the next year she visited Italy as companion to a lady who became engaged to Garibaldi. On that journey, the young zealot met Garibaldi—indeed, she and Lady X. travelled for six weeks with him as their guide in Sardinia. Thenceforward, Jessie White dedicated herself heart and soul to the cause of Italy. In England, she went about giving lectures; she translated Orsini's "Memoirs"; she felt the spell of Mazzini and sought him out. She says:

> Being at liberty, with my father's hearty consent and blessing, to dedicate myself to the cause of Italy, fully conscious that it was a question of "all in all or not at all," . . . I decided to put myself under the guidance of its chief apostle, Mazzini. My first visit to his tiny room in Cedar Road, remains ever present to my heart and vision. Birds were flying about the apartment, a few lilies of the valley stood in a vase on the mantelpiece, books and paper were scattered everywhere, and there, writing on his knee on the smallest fragment of the thinnest imaginable paper, sat Mazzini. He rose at once: his hand-grasp and luminous eyes fascinated and encouraged you, yet filled you with momentary awe. But the simple greeting, the gladness shown in welcoming "one more volunteer to the noble band of English workers and lovers of Italy," put all fears to flight, and soon he was talking, and I was listening as a student to a master anxious to convince, but not in the least desirous of *imposing* his convictions (p. 260.)

Henceforth, she was in that happiest state of zeal, in which the young disciple yearns for an opportunity to be put to the test. That opportunity came in 1857, when Mazzini planned a stroke at Genoa. Miss White went there, ostensibly as correspondent to several English papers, but in reality to engage in preparing the final stage of the plot. The Mazzinian conspirators, into whose inner circle she was introduced, seemed to her unjaded enthusiasm demigods and heroes; nor did she ever lose the glamour of that first initiation into the ranks of men who were willing to give their lives for their belief. Disillusions, only too many! came later, but they could not shake her conviction that the enthusiasts of 1857 and their plans were perfect. Mazzini himself glided noiselessly into Genoa, where, to the despair of the police, he stayed many weeks and directed a three-headed movement, which embraced the conquest of Naples by Pisacane, the seizing of Leghorn and revolutionizing of Tuscany by Quadrio, and the capture of Genoa itself by Mazzini and his immediate staff of conspirators. Miss White, being a British subject, had the advantage of going

*"The Birth of Modern Italy." Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario, edited with Introduction, Notes, and Epilogue, by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

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about without being dogged by detectives.

The plot failed in all of its three purposes; and, except for the sacrifice of Pisacane and his companions, it failed fatuously. His slaughter, like that of John Brown, impressed the imagination of millions, and had its share in hastening the crisis that soon followed. Neither then nor afterwards, however, did Jessie White admit that the project was ill-advised. To hear her describe those days, was like listening to a fairy story, in which each particular detail is vividly real, but the plot appears to the eye of reason unsubstantial. She would recall the gladness with which she and two or three Italian young women decked Mazzini's chamber and bed with garlands on the day of his arrival in Genoa; they were as blithe as if death were not the penalty that awaited his discovery. She would laugh ironically at the stupidity of the police. Once, when they came to the Pareto Palace to ferret him out, he himself opened the door, having hastily put on the cook's white cap; after they had gone inside, he slipped out. "It was the upper half of Mazzini's head that distinguished him," she used to say; "the cook's cap hid that." She laughed scornfully when she learned, long afterward, that Cavour sent to Paris for detectives who knew Mazzini by sight. That Mazzini came and went untouched during ten weeks proves the extent of his own coolness and the loyalty of his confederates.

Being arrested for complicity in the attempt to seize Genoa, Jessie White was imprisoned for several months, until Cavour finally set her free, because he thought it more prudent to let her go (although he had conclusive evidence against her) than to rouse a storm of protests from the English Friends of Italy, who would have branded her punishment as persecution. Unqualified zealot that she was, she hankered for this crown of martyrdom. Thenceforward, she hated Cavour with a thorough and frank hatred, which envenoms her criticism of him in this book and in her other writings. And here, we see how finely she embodies the emotion of her cause. Reduced to its essence, the Mazzinian plea ran thus: "We are bent on freeing and uniting Italy. We are disinterested and absolutely unselfish. Our hearts tell us that justice, righteousness, and human progress hang upon our success. Whoever opposes us, upholds injustice, wrong, and reaction." Mazzini decided that, for strategic purposes, he must control Genoa for a time: that was reason and excuse enough for attempting to seize it, and to justify Jessie White in denouncing Cavour for preventing them. What right had Cavour to thwart zealots whose purpose was absolutely patriotic? He also pretended to promote the Italian cause; but if he were sincere, he surely would not arrest these fellow-workers in the cause.

Forty years later, when I discussed this episode with Signora Mario, she had not budged an inch from her position. The idea that a constitutional government must employ constitutional methods, though these be slow or partial, never moved her. Naturally, therefore, she would not recognize that a prime minister, responsible for the peace of his country, cannot permit any group of citizens to seize and govern one of its cities for the benefit of their particular scheme of salvation. The right to levy private war she might not defend in words, as she did in practice: but she always took it for granted that conspiracy and rebellion had a holy aim.

Like Garibaldi, she denied that any regard for international diplomacy ought to influence the action of the Italians. She firmly believed, though she never explained how this could be done, that Italy could have been united without the coöperation of Napoleon III, and that consequently the cession of Savoy and Nice was treachery and a crime. So Garibaldi was continually calling for the appointment of a dictator—himself—to hasten the solution of the most intricate political problem of the age. So Mazzini, in spite of thirty years of unvarying proof to the contrary, kept insisting that the Italian Common People could not only rid themselves of their native despots, but also could confidently face a coalition of hostile Europe.

This is the sphere where Emotion rules—the sphere where poetry and religious consecrations and the dazzling examples of uncalculating and apparently fruitless self-sacrifice originate. In this sphere Jessie White dwelt. Having heard the voice of her heart, she would not listen to her head. You must understand this, in order to value rightly her books.

III.

Shortly after her release from prison she married Alberto Mario, a man of keen, though rigid, ideas, and of inflexible integrity. He was Mazzini's best penman in Italy. The young couple came to the United States in 1859 to arouse sympathy in the Italian cause, but their tour was cut short by news of the war with Austria. Signora Mario used to relate with great satisfaction how, during her lecture in Washington, when she found a prominent Southern Senator sitting in the front row, she launched into a denunciation of slaveholders. She seems on this trip to have met Garrison, for whom she felt great reverence; and when, in 1865, Garrison's second son became one of the founders of the *Nation*, she began a special correspondence for this journal which lasted forty years. Her letters to the *Nation*, to the London *News*, to the Newcastle *Chronicle*, and to other papers contain much material that the historian will prize.

The Marios reached home too late to take part in the campaign of 1859, but during the exciting patriotic crisis of that winter and the next spring, and during Garibaldi's Sicilian Expedition, they were deep in the council of the Party of Action. Signora Mario served as army nurse. At the battle of the Volturno she went fourteen times under fire to bring back the wounded, and she spent thirty-six consecutive hours in the field-hospital. Ten years later, when Garibaldi offered his services to Republican France, she accompanied him and cared for the wounded. Thenceforth, until her husband's death, she took part in the stormy politics that threatened more than once the peace of the monarchy. Mario himself refused to acknowledge the King; she was a Radical. The disenchantment that followed unification—the inevitable disenchantment that comes when the decades of prose succeed the years of poetry—she attributed to the failure to establish a republic. Emotional to the end, she put her faith in Mazzini's formulas. But her chief activity was in exposing abuses. She wrote with anguish of the frightful condition of the Sicilian sulphur-miners; she laid bare the horrors of organized infanticide in the charitable asylums of Naples; she described the misery of the indigent peasants; she scathed sleek bureaucrats and political grafters. Wherever there was a wrong, she attacked it fearlessly; wherever there was suffering, she strove to relieve it. Like every one who realizes how much of the enormous total of sin and cruelty might be prevented, she cried out against the law's delay, against the agents of government who seem leagued with the wicked, against technicalities and quibbles which protect the evil-doer, against the inertia of tradition, against customs which give the unscrupulous a vested right to exploit the weak. Here, as always, she listened to her heart.

When her great companions vanished, she dedicated herself to speaking them fair in death. She wrote a life of Mazzini, which, despite its obvious drawbacks, will remain for posterity to consult, because it shows him as one of his intimates saw him. Garibaldi, too, she portrayed, perhaps even more satisfactorily. She edited Mario's writings, and Cattaneo's; she eulogized Nicotera, for whom, of all the younger generation of conspirators, she had the highest admiration; finally, she surpassed herself in her biography of Bertani, whom history will come at last to recognize as the wisest of the advisers of the Party of Action in the critical years from 1857 to 1861. What greater tribute could one pay to Jessie Mario's character than to state that she, an alien, was the chosen confidante and biographer of so many of Italy's patri-

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otic sons? As a young woman in Florence she won the friendship of Mrs. Browning. In her later years, no one was more devoted to her, no one appreciated more justly her services to Italy, than Carducci. What was the secret of her hold over these Italians? Was it her loyalty? her outspokenness? her vigor of mind and deed? her amazing courage? Was it the something different that she as an Englishwoman had from what any Italian woman could have? No one could be more independent than she; no one, probably, ever told Mazzini and Garibaldi more frankly than she did when she disagreed from them. Her awe of the Prophet did not blind her to his personal side. Her worship of the Hero did not prevent her from making fun of his amorousness and other foibles. No, her power of attraction was as potent with Anglo-Saxons as with Italians; it was the power that springs not from racial traits, but from primary human qualities. You could not spend an hour with her without being conquered by her single-mindedness, her devotion to friends and principles, her scorn for all things base, her absolute fearlessness. In a society that was sophisticated, artificial, and insincere, she remained herself, as refreshing as a sudden rush of mountain air through the fetid streets of a city.

IV.

During the last ten years of her life, she earned a bare subsistence as teacher in the Normal School at Florence. Pegasus in harness seems not more contradictory than Jessie White, the confidante of conspirators and the comrade in war of Garibaldi, impounded in a school-room. But she accepted the task bravely. Her noble self-reliance refused help, though offered most delicately, from her friends, and she had a haughty disdain of accepting anything from the Government. Her scorn for the old Republicans who not only became reconciled to the monarchy, but served under it, got honors and made fortunes, was terrific. I have heard her speak contemptuously of Crispi's care not to come within range of bullets in Sicily; but when she referred to his defection from Republicanism, her words had vitriol in them. It was not envy of the prosperity of the renegades that aroused her; it was the abhorrent realization that spirits that had once obeyed the call of the highest could find in worldly honors, wealth, or comfort, anything to lure them into the mire.

She died in Florence on March 5, 1906, and friends, besides the official dignitaries whom in life she had shunned, paid tribute at her funeral. Some day, Italy may remember to honor her with a monument. But her memory is secure, because her life is inextricably interwoven with the friendship of Garibaldi and Mazzini, two of the imperishables, and with their nearest disciples. To make her acquaintance through her books is to feel the very pulse of the cause to which she consecrated herself. Through her veins throbbed the great Emotion which was the lifeblood of the Italian Risorgimento.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF SPAIN.

MADRID, November 25.

An event in the industrial world, the Exposition at Valencia, has had a certain connection with Spanish writers. In Valencia, a Congress of Poetry is about to assemble, and there, too, the old poet, Teodoro Llorente, is to be crowned. This patriarch is a *félibre*, who has written in both Castillian and Provençal. To him, also, do we owe the best translations of foreign poets yet made in Spain. The honors paid to Llorente have provoked no opposition, but the Congress of Poetry, as a whole, has aroused much debate. The nature of poetry is not of a sort to go well with public assemblies, nor is the title of poet to be won by skill in them. Not even the writing of few or many pages of verse constitutes an author a real poet. To be that, he must have succeeded by his art in interesting and moving and in producing a deep spiritual impression. Hence there has been nc lack of satirical references to this Congress of Poetry. It would have been wiser to make it coextensive with all literature, in which, indeed, lyric poetry might have had the post of honor.

Controversy has also arisen over the philological works published by Father Julio Cejador. This industrious scholar has his passionate admirers, but detractors no less impassioned who attack him with the roughness characteristic of Spanish wars of the pen. Even in intellectual affairs, the Spaniard is bellicose. For myself, so far as my slight attainments in philology go, I think it would be unfair to ignore the value of the unflagging labor of Father Julio, who is still a young man. He has already seen through the press six volumes on the structure and growth of language, besides his two solid volumes on the "Language of Cervantes," and a highly esteemed Greek Grammar. Cejador is of the family of the indomitable workers of the Renaissance, insatiate, as they used to say, in burning up their eyelashes and wearing out their elbows. Nevertheless, as our well-known critic, Gómez de Baguero says, in the technical positions of Cejador one feels an instinctive want of confidence. He inclines to the view of Astarloa, another Spanish priest, according to whom Basque is the first language ever spoken on earth, and the key to the understanding of all the rest. Some savants hold that Basque is allied to the native tongues of Mexico. Not long ago, I heard the eminent Mexicanist, Paso y Troncoso, expound this view.

There is no manner of doubt that at the present moment the literature of science has got a great impetus among us, while that of pure imagination is suffering from uncertainty and fatigue. This crisis was slow in coming, but was inevitable in view of the movement which, since 1898, has been driving Spain to make up for lost time, and in view also of the utilitarian impulse which has impressed all minds in the presence of economic and social demands. These are felt in Spain with peculiar force, as are also the agitations growing out of the anarchist tendency, marked by all the vehemence of our race.

Translation of foreign works has helped on the study of sociology and anthropology in Spain. Lombroso had some brilliant disciples among us, Salillas, for example, who applied the doctrines of the Italian to the analysis of our ancient picaresque novels. History has always had diligent cultivators in Spain, and continues to enrich itself. Among recent publications I will mention Altamira's "History of Spain and Spanish Civilization," the "History of the Cathedral of Santiago," by López Ferreiro, the "Discurso Histórico" of the Marquis of Cessalbo, and the erudite works of Menéndez Pidal. The most recent of the latter is on the jester of Charles V. In the history of art, too, there are many active and serious workers. Besides the infinite number of monographs in the *Boletín de la Sociedad de Excursionistas*, important publications are the "History of Christian Architecture in the Middle Ages," by Lampérez, the "School of Madrid," by the younger Beruete, and "Velasquez," by Beruete the elder, besides "Painting in Madrid," by Sentenach. Under the head of the history of literature are to be cited the "Origins of the Novel," by Menéndez y Pelayo, Padre Mir's study, "Autobiographies and Memoirs," and the "Legend of Don Juan," by Said Arnesto. The Ateneo has given a prize to "The Spanish Novel," by González Blanco. Nor should one forget, in philosophy, Bonilla's "The Myth of Psiquis" and the learned work of Father Arintero on the "Evolution of Mysticism."

The novel, alternating between the old naturalism and the neo-romantic spiritualism, has been losing vogue. Our most famous novelist, Pérez Galdós, after having sought a greater glory in writing for the stage, has left off publishing and has gone ardently into politics. His name is one of the four or five which are mentioned in the hypothetical case that a Spanish republic should ever want a President. On the other hand, Blasco Ibáñez appears to have given up his rôle as political agi-

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tator, and is travelling in search of new subjects and impressions for his books. The Jesuit Father Coloma, abandoning the ground whose conquest won him fame with his novel, "Pequeñeces," which pictured aristocratic society, is devoting himself to-day to historical novels. One of them, entitled "Jeromin," has to do with the life of Don Juan of Austria, and is agreeable reading. The protagonist of the novel on which Coloma is now working will be Cardinal Cisneros, confessor of Isabel the Catholic, and Regent of Spain. The novelist who most closely reflects the present day is Pio Baroja. One of his latest books introduces the crime of bomb-throwing on the day of King Alfonso's marriage. Baroja's style is the absence of style. At the opposite pole is Valle Inclán, the painter of rural life in Galicia, a region which I too have described. He is an exquisite stylist. I ought to name another novelist, Felipe Trigo, very popular with young readers. Yet I must add that Spanish youth does not to-day demand innocent stories, and Trigo's are somewhat erotic.

In lyric poetry a noteworthy movement should be recorded. The great Spanish poets are either dead or aged. In their place the public is bestowing its favor upon poets who came to us from South America, either as diplomats or travellers. At their head stands Rubén Darío. But there is an entire pleiad—Amado Nervo, Santos Chocano, Balbino Dávilos. They have brought the note of modernism into Castillian poetry. We are not without young Spanish poets, but many of them adhere to the school of "the divine Ruben," as they call him. In the Madrid Ateneo there are continually readings by Mexican, Colombian, and Argentine poets. Also are they heard in the salons, where they reap a great harvest of—applause.

From dramatic literature, Echagaray, honored with the Nobel prize, has now definitely retired. He had filled our stage, like another Lope de Vega, for more than a quarter of a century; yet to-day his plays are not presented. To explain this anomaly—an author apotheosized but not produced—it would be necessary to write a critical article. At present, the leadership is held by Jacinto Benavente. A talented and fertile writer, he seldom attacks social problems. When one has mentioned the Quinteros, humorous and inexhaustible dramatists, and a couple of names more, one has really covered our actual dramatic production. Yet last year there were presented in Spain more than a thousand theatrical pieces—flowers of a single day. The public—always the same—demands novelty. That being so, it cannot expect to have masterpieces.

COUNTESS PARDO BAZAN.

Correspondence.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The instance referred to in your article on "The Reform of Judicial Procedure" (the *Nation*, September 2), where an Indiana judge deferred ruling on a demurrer for two years or more, though the statute required disposition within six months, could hardly have occurred in the Philippines. Under Act 1552, passed by the Philippine Commission October 27, 1906:

> Justices of the peace and judges of the Courts of First Instance, of the Court of Land Registration, and of municipal courts shall certify on their application for leave . . . and upon salary vouchers presented by them for payment, and upon all pay rolls upon which their salaries are paid, that all special proceedings, applications, petitions, demurrers, motions, and all civil and criminal cases which have been under submission for decision or determination for a period of ninety days or more have been determined and decided on or before the date of making the certificate, and no leave shall be granted and *no salary be paid without such certificate.*

The difference between this and the Indiana statute will probably be found in the penalty attached to the former. So far as appears from your article the Indiana statute was merely a directory provision and imposed no penalty for its non-observance or, at least, none which so vitally affected the official in question. The effect of the Philippine statute in forcing an expedition of judicial business may be seen by observing the difference in this regard between the courts affected by the act and one to which it is inapplicable, and in which it is still not uncommon for cases to remain undecided for considerably more than ninety days after submission.

The statute in question is one of the many improvements which Americans in the Philippines have made over corresponding conditions at home, and when such improvements are known and adopted there even our anti-Imperialist friends will concede that good has resulted from our Philippine policy.

CHARLES S. LOBINGIER.

Audiencia, Manila, October 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Repeated efforts have been made to inform the public of the grave results of "the law's delay." A number of articles have appeared in current periodicals, and in his recent speech in Chicago President Taft spoke in no uncertain terms on the subject. I wish to speak of an ill effect of "the law's delay" to which attention has not been called, one which is not less serious than any hitherto discussed and, probably, more widespread. I refer to the disastrous effect upon the health of the litigant.

It has been stated that one-half of human ailments are of mental origin. The most harmful influences of this order are the depressing and painful emotions, of which I need now only mention fear, worry, anxiety, and mental strain. It is through such influences that litigation so frequently impairs or destroys the health of the litigant. The importance of the matter at issue, anxiety as to the outcome, dread of the court, perhaps a sense of injustice—any or all of these may be a strain upon the nervous system sufficient to destroy its health.

Such conditions are incident to all litigation, and so any lawsuit may be fraught with danger to health. But the delayed litigation with its trials and retrials, its hopes and fears and bitter disappointments, and the protracted strain upon the nervous system, is especially calamitous. These consequences are particularly disastrous in damage cases, many of which turn on injuries with, apparently, passing symptoms, due to shock of the nervous system. Now, anxiety over the outcome, dread of the court, and the like, produce their most depressing effects in just these nervous cases, because they are acting upon already weakened nerves. When nervous symptons are present, symptoms due chiefly to shock, the most important part of the medical treatment consists in rightly influencing and directing the patient's mind. The effort should be by means of entertainment, occupation, diversion, and the like, to get his thoughts away from his troubles and symptoms, and to make him cheerful and hopeful. But litigation has just the opposite tendency. The examinations of physicians, consultations with lawyers, solicitous inquiries, and advice of friends tend to fix the patient's mind more and more upon himself, and thereby to exaggerate his symptoms and increase his suffering. There comes into play, also, that subtle influence, suggestion, which is likely to give rise to new symptoms, and intensify those already present.

If a better and a quicker way for the settlement of damage cases than the ordinary court procedures were devised it would be a blessing to many. Meanwhile these cases should help to fasten the attention of the public on "the law's delay."

PHILIP ZENNER.

University of Cincinnati, December 2.

THE FERRER AFFAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it in the *Nation* or in the *Civiltà Cattolica* that I have just read with amazement an article entitled "The Ferrer Affair" (*Nation*, November 11)? The article in question is dated Paris, October 18, just the day before the *Figaro* published the *dossier* of the Ferrer trial, communicated by the Spanish embassy. Now, as everybody who has eyes can see, that *dossier* contained no proof whatever of Ferrer's action in the riots at Barcelona, but only wretched hypotheses founded on his previous life and his acquaintances. Moreover, the address of Ferrer's lawyer has *not* been published, so that the little even which is stated in the act of impeachment and the *réquisitoire* may rest on falsehood. I have seen several of the leading Spanish Liberals, who are by no means anarchists; they have told me that Ferrer's sole crime was the Escuela Moderna, that he was absolutely incapable of any violence, incapable of leading or stimulating a riotous mob. Quite recently my colleague in the French Institute, Louis Havet, published a letter written by Ferrer to Cyvoct (himself unjustly condemned, some years ago, as an anarchist), in which violence of any kind is positively and emphatically deprecated. Your correspondent's article is nothing but the rehearsal of the perfidious sayings which filled the organs of the Vatican—especially the *Osservatore Romano*—about the 13th of October last. Now, there are

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two proofs that Ferrer was no criminal in the ordinary sense of the word. The first is that if his hand had been detected in the burning of convents and ill-treatment of nuns, the Maura ministry would have made it known *urbi et orbi*. The second proof is the positive statement from Rome, by the *Stampa*, as well as by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, after Ferrer's execution, that the Pope had wished to interfere to save his life—a thing that would be quite unthinkable if Ferrer was believed to have actually committed or instigated bloodshed. These reports have not been denied by the Vatican.

Your correspondent wishes Americans to believe that many innocent nuns were killed in the streets; he, indeed, speaks of 138 dead, and adds: "The nuns were the chief victims." All the Spaniards I have seen deny any statement of that kind. The burning of convents was *not* accompanied by violence against individuals, unless with some exceptions due to the inevitable hooligan; but all Spaniards know that the convents in Barcelona, as in Bilbao and elsewhere, simply reduce workmen and workwomen to starvation, because the nuns work virtually for nothing, and use their influence to monopolize the best customers. That such a state of things should, in due time, have excited public wrath, is only too easy to understand.

Your correspondent goes on to speak of some international conspiration, of a *chef d'orchestre*, and the like. We know that stuff ever since 1898; it is the equivalent of the once famous, though always non-existing, "Dreyfus syndicate." The *Osservatore Romano* was, I think, the first to start the theory of a "Ferrer syndicate," and that stupid invention has found a hearing among the so-called better class of the unemployed. But I may regret to have found an echo of it in your columns; nay, more, if you will allow me some frankness, to have read in the *Nation*, a few days only after our great H. Ch. Lea's death, the Jesuitical apology of an inquisitorial trial and crime.

SOLOMON REINACH.

Paris, November 23.

[Despite the violence of M. Reinach's assertions, we think the letter of our correspondent presented an aspect of the Ferrer case which, amid the general clamor of passion, deserved consideration in this country.—ED. NATION.]

THE DISCIPLINE OF NATURALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the critical voices raised against the dominance of romanticism I miss one to assign its due weight to a reaction that has already taken place. To separate the essentials from the accidents of naturalism is, perhaps, difficult. Once effected, however, the separation enables us to see that modern literature has already undergone a discipline whose aims have been the very sobriety, structural coherence, and essential sanity of method, if not always of result, that romanticism lacks.

A return to pure classicism is unthinkable. An ideal so faintly related to the rough welter of the world can scarcely be endured; nor are the taste for the specific, the impatience of the merely typical, likely to pass out. We shall demand, increasingly, I think, the illusion of reality, though of a nobler aspect of reality than the early naturalists cared to give. Fidelity of observation, however, simplicity and stringency of technique, impersonal workmanship—these naturalistic virtues, when practised in the service of a larger philosophy, are more likely to lead to a new humanism than any theoretical appeal to the practice of the Augustan ages.

To observe, for a moment, the extraordinarily sensitive temperament of Gerhart Hauptmann is to see the development of modern literature in epitome. He begins with an amorphous romanticism ("Promethidenlos"), turns ruthless naturalist ("Vor Sonnenaufgang," "Das Friedensfest"), and acquires the classically severe technique of the best naturalism. Next he succumbs to the allurements of symbolism, and writes "Die versunkene Glocke" and "Hannele." But always, at intervals, he harks back to the fundamental austerities of naturalistic art ("Fuhrmann Henschel," "Rose Berndt"). At last he applies the virtues learned in that harsh school to a legendary historical subject nobly envisaged and produces in such a play as "Der arme Heinrich," a poetic drama that is the forerunner, at least, of a new kind. He achieves there the restraint, the impersonality, the sanity of classic art. He achieves an idealism, too; but an idealism wrung from reality, not spun from a pattern of conventional nobleness. It is at this point that classicism and humanism, trained by the naturalists, diverge. Racine, upon a visionary preconception, presents a pantomime, plastically beautiful. That is noble. But Hauptmann spares us nothing of that dread mediæval agony, yet shows us there a high beauty and an austere joy. That is more noble. The technique of the two (allowing for difference of time and place and circumstance) is identical: impersonal, coherent, guided by an exquisite economy—in a word, unromantic.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

New York, December 3.

A SEA-CHANGE IN SPELLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One natural result of the agitation in favor of so-called "simplified spelling" would be a tendency on the part of the careless, inaccurate, and anarchical to be more lawless, inaccurate, and indifferent still as to spelling in general. Such a tendency would be shown in many places, one of them obviously being the classroom. I submit to teachers of English whether the spelling of students has not deteriorated since Mr. Roosevelt and others began openly to inculcate the belief that tradition and good taste in this matter are of less importance than an imaginary practical convenience. When, however, the professors in our technical schools are willing to print such caricatures of English as the following, it is time for all persons of good sense to bethink themselves. These sentences are chosen at random from an address delivered before a gathering of apprentices in Pittsburgh:

Liv for the realization of hy ideals.
He shoud hav abstaind from reviling the faricees.
A man brings out . . . quaint litl pearls in her soul that she herself never dremt of.
So are man's curage and generosity dubld and tripld thru a woman's presence.
Liv constantly in the atmosfere of beauty.

The laws of good taste in regard to orthography have perhaps never been better enunciated than by the first great English lexicographer. I venture to quote a passage of some length from Dr. Johnson's "Preface to the Dictionary" (Osgood, "Selections from Johnson," pp. 33, 34):

In this part of the work [orthography], where caprice has long wantoned without control, and vanity sought praise by petty reformation, I have endeavored to proceed with a scholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those, whose thoughts have been perhaps employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted, that for the law to be *known*, is of more importance than to be *right*: "Change," says Hooker, "is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better." There is in constancy and stability a general and lasting advantage, which will always overbalance the slow improvements of gradual correction.

LANE COOPER.

Ithica, N. Y., December 5.

THE BODLEIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Bodleian regulations as set forth in their Staff-Kalendar and discussed by your correspondent, "Lector," of November 25, are indeed a marvel of minutiæ. Their detail, however, is not due solely to the present librarian or his immediate predecessors, as "Lector" seems to intimate. If he will consult "The First Draft of the Statutes of the Public Library at Oxon," as drawn up by Sir Thomas Bodley himself, he will find there a quantity of details which time and expediency have legitimately expanded into the present rules. True, the regulations laid down in the Staff-Kalendar do not entirely cover the same needs as Sir Thomas's Statutes, but the principle of foresight and minuteness of detailed decision are the same. Sir Thomas gives an oath for the electors of the librarian, and as well one which the librarian or "keeper" must swear himself to keep "by God's infinite mercy." He specifies the hours of opening, the assigning "to every faculty their catalogues and tables," even requiring an alphabetical arrangement of the authors in the "Tables." The appointed visitors, or inspectors of the library, are assigned perquisites of a "refection" and gloves of a given cost, etc., etc.

May I trespass further on your space to quote the following passage which well illustrates Sir Thomas's insistence on detail, and in its subject matter is somewhat apposite to militant discussions now taking place without as well as within libraries:

It is deemed expedient, that some one be deputed to the custody of it [the Bodleian Library], that is noted and known for a diligent Student, and in all his Conversation to be Trusty, Active, and Discreet; a Graduat also, and a Linguist, *not encumbred with Marriage*, nor with a Benefice of Cure. For it cannot stand with Piety, that such a charge should admit the continual Society of other publick Imployments; and Marriage is too full of Domestical Impeachments, to afford him so much time from his private

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Affairs, as almost every Day's necessity of his private Presence will require.

The italics are mine; the passage may be found on page 66 of "Bodley's Life and Statutes," edited in 1906 by Miss Ruth S. Grannis, and published in the series, Literature of Libraries, edited by J. C. Dana and H. W. Kent.

EDWARD HARMON VIRGIN.

General Theological Seminary Library, New York, November 29.

KARL HAUPTMANN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct the impression conveyed by a statement in the last number of the *Nation* to the effect that "Karl Hauptmann has in the meantime made his appearance as a dramatist." Karl Hauptmann has been known to students of German as an able and virile dramatist for nearly fifteen years. In many respects he is rather a better dramatist than his weak and sentimental brother, Gerhart. His characters are always drawn with a firm hand and developed with a sure psychological insight. His plots are almost always carefully constructed and convincingly evolved. Of course, like Sudermann and almost all the other playwrights of modern Germany, he shows the unmistakable influence of Ibsen and Tolstoy. His best-known dramas are "Marianne," "Waldleute" and "Ephraims Breite." The last named has been the most successful and popular upon the German stage. It shows rather a striking resemblance to Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness," and, like its probable prototype, is a graphic and somewhat sensational study in moral depravity.

EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER.

Western Reserve University, December 1.

GREEN EYES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the subject of green eyes, which has been brought up several times recently in the *Nation*, I should like to call attention to a passage in my play of "Pyramus and Thisby," performed before Duke Theseus on his wedding day at night:

> His eyes were green as leeks.

See "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," V, i, 342.

PETER QUINCE.

Athens, November 22.

Literature.

NOTES ON HOLIDAY BOOKS.

I.

"A church is a piece of history," Stevenson writes, and, somewhere else, adds that cathedrals are his "favorite kind of mountain scenery." Both sayings are recalled by Mrs. Joseph Pennell in her book of the "French Cathedrals," with its sub-title "Monasteries and Abbeys and Sacred Sites of France" (The Century Co.). For fifteen years Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have contributed occasional illustrated articles to one of the magazines on the cathedrals and cathedral-towns of a land that they have come to know and to love better and better in studying it. The route of their architectural pilgrimage was first outlined by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, author of the study of English cathedrals; and it took them, "as long ago as the late eighties," to the cities of Provence. Since then, they have described and drawn in black and white churches in almost every French province, if one except Brittany, Touraine, and French Flanders. Since it was begun, provincial France has become much more travelled; thanks, in part, to the charm of the one's drawings, of the other's very gracious and efficiently documented narratives of travel. The writer only half congratulates herself on the achievement. Now that more folk enjoy France there is, correspondingly, less to enjoy. The motorist, she writes, has destroyed forever the romance of travel. He is, alas! more exacting than his humble pathfinder, the cyclist. "Already, before the motor was heard of, money had reduced the large towns of the Continent . . . to one level of dull uniformity; soon money, with the motor, will have worked the same disaster in all the smaller towns and all the little inns." The Ritz and the Plaza are your motorist's ideal—if he has ideals worth mentioning at all; and inns, as well as cathedrals, contribute to the charm of Continental journeyings. But a plutocracy cannot spoil these same cathedrals. Their only grave danger is too zealous restoration; against which Mrs. Pennell protests with all the fervor of whole-souled conviction. And yet the total impression one carries away from the reading of her handsomely got-up book is not of protest against abuses, but of enthusiasm for beautiful and venerable places and monuments. The style is just that which readers of the *Nation* admire in Mrs. Pennell's writings, whatever their subject; the illustrations include many examples of the excellent work which we look for in drawings signed Joseph Pennell. And most of these drawings have been acquired by the French government for the Luxembourg Museum.

Among the two or three handsomest travel books of the season must be placed Henry James's "Italian Hours," illustrated by Joseph Pennell (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The chapters on the various cities were for the most part written at earlier dates (those on Venice, for instance, go back to 1872, 1882, 1892, and 1899), but they are now first brought together so as to give a picture of Italy as a whole. The character of the pages need not here be criticised. They have Mr. James's customary "note of the haunted or over-charged consciousness," to use one of his own phrases; but they are free from the involved ambiguity of hesitation that makes of his later writings, such as his recent impressions of America, a task rather than a pleasure. As always, one of the attractions of this impressionistic manner is its arbitrariness. Thus as we read Mr. James's emotional reaction in Ravenna, looking "down the deadly provincial vista of the empty, sunny street," we recall the very different tone of, say, Oscar Wilde:

> But thou, Ravenna, better loved than all,
> Thy ruined palaces are but a pall
> That hides thy fallen greatness. . . .

For the same city Mr. Pennell gives one of his simplest, but to us most charming, pictures—a quick sketch of the famous Pineta. The drawings are in crayon, and for the most part on a dark reddish-brown background, which gives a little too strongly the effect of New York's brownstone epoch. They are true illustrations, however, of the romantic text.

It is interesting to turn from a book like Mr. James's "Italian Hours," and, by way of contrast, from the saccharine inanities of most of the other contemporary travellers, to the "Legends of the Alhambra," conceived by Washington Irving in his fine spirit of dignified enthusiasm. The book is issued through J. B. Lippincott Co., with an introduction by H. W. Mabie and pictures by George Hood. In his color-work Mr. Hood is reminiscent of Maxfield Parrish; we shall not, however, suggest invidious comparisons, partly because the Messrs. Lippincott have not here altogether avoided a certain crudity in reproduction. Yet the illustrations are, in effect, striking and even admirable. And black-and-white decorations—palaces, cloisters, and gardens, for the most part—most happily enrich each printed page.

Ernest Peixotto's felicity with the sketching and writing pen is so generally esteemed that we need only mention the newest example of his blend entitled, "Through the French Provinces" (Scribner). Motor-boat cruises on the Seine and Oise, seldom visited châteaux near Fontainebleau, motoring trips to Sens and Nemours, Chartres, and on to the Loire, a halt at Limoges, with an appreciation of its marvellous enamels, various wanderings in Provence and Gascony, devoted chiefly to unhackneyed cities—this in brief is the basis of a very charming book. Mr. Peixotto's pen-drawings are vibrant as always, carry a discreet elimination very far, and gain thereby in picturesqueness and essential truthfulness to effect.

The traditional false modesty of the book illustrator is thrown over in the volume on "China," described on the title page as by Mortimer Menpes, "with text by Sir Henry Arthur Blake." Books have been put out before this in which the letter-press is openly intended only to carry the pictures, yet always described as by Somebody, with illustrations by Somebody Else. In the present volume the text would probably reach the respectable length of forty or fifty thousand words. The illustrations are sixteen plates in color and four times as many marginal pen studies in black and white. Mr. Menpes's Chinese water views, in their predominant blues and cerises, are startlingly suggestive of Venetian effects. Where the human figure appears the Oriental atmosphere is brought close to us. The pictures are only loosely connected with the text. The volume is in square demy and comes from the Macmillan Company.

"Holland" is a fat and outwardly gorgeous volume, written and illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and published by Moffat, Yard & Co. The text consists of a substratum of Baedeker with a fairly plentiful covering of sympathetic personal observation. The illustrations, fifty-six in number, and of these several in color, are something of a vindication for the physical attractiveness of the Dutch people. Apparently it is not all a nation of very clumsy bipeds struggling against a handicap of breeches and kirtles. Mr. Edwards's fishermen and milkmaids seem quite capable of rapid locomotion and of otherwise looking after themselves. We gather that Dutch thrift has not been exaggerated—as the American traveller is bound to discover.

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There is an amusing anecdote about Whistler.

Arthur Guthrie, the writer of "Letters from France and Italy" (A. C. McClurg & Co), is emphatically a good traveller, being sparing of comment on the standard sights and whimsically sensitive to the casual encounters of the road. The letters abound in a ripe Scotch "pawkiness" not unmixed with sentiment. The book is prettily printed and provided with line drawings by George Houston, which befit the letter press much better than the customary half-tones. The manner is old-fashioned, and, perhaps, the more agreeable for that. The acerbities of the painter Gauguin seem unpardonable to the gentle traveller. Towards the newer music he is more tolerant. We borrow a characteristic observation, which is not without symbolic import. Mr. Guthrie saw in a confectioner's shop at Paris the following dual notice:

Our English visitors are cordially invited to enter and taste our wholesome sweetmeats.

On another card:

Our American friends are asked to walk right in and sample our elegant candy.

For a friend afflicted with *Wanderlust* this unpretentious little book would make an appropriate offering.

Francis Miltoun's travel book this year is concerned with the "Castles and Châteaux of Old Burgundy," and contains the usual number of excellent illustrations from paintings and sketches made by Blanche McManus. As always in this series there is a judicious mixture of history, anecdote, art, and personal impressions. The volume will serve well as a guide book or as a fireside *peau de chagrin* to carry the imagination into the land of romance. (L. C. Page & Co.)

Brentano is the American publisher of a folio volume called "London," being a series of beautiful photographs of London scenes, chiefly, perhaps, of architectural monuments, by Alvin Langdon Coburn, with an introduction by Hillaire Belloc. The white paper on which M. Belloc's essay is printed is of the finest, and the art-mat (if that is the proper term) upon which the "impressionistic" photographs are mounted is of the most unexceptionable.

II.

Arthur Rackham has established himself as the illustrator *par excellence* of fairy tales and fanciful books, and his work this year, for an adaptation by W. L. Courtney of Fouqué's "Undine," is marked with his usual charm of vivid imagination, with less of the pure grotesque than he sometimes permits himself. The pictures, in firm line drawing with reinforcement of almost flat colors, lend themselves much better to printing than the usual messy color plates. The book is altogether one of the most attractive of the season. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Sixteen years ago Aubrey Beardsley finished his most ambitious work, the illustration of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." Since then the precocious artist's fame has become international, and his original editions have been eagerly sought by collectors. One can hardly doubt, then, that the Duttons' one volume reissue of this famous Malory will find a welcome. Opinions will differ widely as to the value of this work as sheer illustration. The present reviewer finds Beardsley's decadence in rather flagrant dissonance with the riper mysticism of the knightly author. As to the decorative value of the drawings there is no question. In spite of an occasional perfunctoriness—the work was long and the illustrator mortally stricken—among the decorated books of our time this is one of the most original and fascinating.

A sumptuous volume is the Rubáiyát, illustrated, decorated, and printed (the artist, we are told, has drawn with his own hand every word of the text) for Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. by Willy Pogany. The volume is intentionally, orientally over-elaborate with color and design after the Persian manner, and with typography as near to the scroll-like Arabic as English lettering may be brought, so near, in fact, that in one or two places it is hard to make out the word. The temptation to read from right to left is always present. The volume is in quarto, with one verse to the page, and twenty-four charming pictures in color, steeped in their proper atmosphere. A very handsome book, indeed.

Paul Elder & Company's edition of Omar has the final FitzGerald text with a literal version of the quatrains upon which FitzGerald's work was based, by Arthur Guiterman. The page is wide-margined and rough-edged, with type of a fine black-letter effect. Gilbert James has eight pictures in black and white.

Gilbert James has done the illustrations for still another Omar, this one from the Macmillan Co. Typography here plays a decidedly minor part, but the sixteen pictures in color are unusually pleasing, and the volume, a solid and square quarto, has a charming front cover in gold, blue, and green scrollwork.

By the lightness in weight of the deceptively large new edition of "Selected Tales of Mystery," by Edgar Allan Poe, issued by J. B. Lippincott Company, one knows at once that here is a book printed in England, with the clearness of type and amplitude of margin which we associate with the better sort of English bookmaking. The colored illustrations by Byam Shaw lend distinction to the volume, which is throughout handsome in makeup. Poe is not an author easy to illustrate; it is a pity the morbid imagination of Aubrey Beardsley was never directed that way. Mr. Shaw's work in the book before us is excellent; but it certainly does not attain equality with the text, and, to our thinking, it does not chime in with it pleasantly in the minor key. Another edition of Poe's tales is published at this season by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Here the price is decidedly less and the bookmaking quite inconspicuous; the volume of "Tales" is uniform with that of the "Poems" issued a year ago, with an introduction by Professor Richardson. The Putnam edition is illustrated in black and white by F. W. Coburn.

In order to make a book out of a poem, and a short poem at that, Houghton Mifflin Co. have printed James Russell Lowell's "The Courtin'" three times over in the little volume in which it now appears, charmingly illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. First, it is printed seven stanzas to the page, then two lines to the page (in the interests of illustration), and, finally, a facsimile of the original manuscript is given. The Yankee idyll has always deserved its popularity; and this new edition of it, with only the pictures to distract one's attention from its humor and pleasant sentiment, makes one of the prettiest Christmas books of this year's offering.

III.

From Funk & Wagnalls Co. we receive ten cloth-bound volumes, entitled "The Best of the World's Classics," the selection being that of Henry Cabot Lodge and Francis W. Halsey. From the introduction contributed by the former, we learn that the word "classics" is used, "not in the narrow and technical sense, but rather in that of Thoreau, who defined classics as 'the noblest recorded thoughts of mankind.'" We hasten to add that, to judge by the present selection, these thoughts are habitually expressed in prose alone. We do not, however, complain; for, in the publishers' words, here are "over 500 of the best prose writings by more than 200 of the world's best authors." These selections are arranged chronologically, by countries, beginning with Greece and ending with America (two volumes). Let us add—for there are those who insist on taking their belles-lettres and history in microscopic doses—that the paper used is opaque and that the printing is admirably clear.

"Days with the Poets" is the title given to a series of booklets published by Hodder & Stoughton, of which six volumes lie before us. The series gives some one unnamed the opportunity to write some rather commonplace pages of text, connecting poems and fragments of poems by the author who, in any particular volume, is under consideration. The pictures are no doubt the chief attraction here. With some success, color reproductions from paintings by Neatby illustrate "A Day with Keats," while Tennyson's book is decked out with similar illustrations after Haslehurst and Margetson. The same painters, assisted by Lewis Baumer and W. Russell Flint, "do" the Wordsworth and the Browning; Dudley Hardy illustrates the Burns, and several combine to beautify "A Day with Longfellow." In so far as these volumes enlarge the public of the poets treated, they are to be most heartily welcomed.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., in their thin-paper series, now put out a George Eliot in eight volumes, and Wordsworth's poems and James Russell Lowell's in a volume apiece. The binding is a plum-colored, really flexible leather, which bends as easily with the 480 pages of "Adam Bede" as with the 950 pages of the Wordsworth. In the same series is issued a volume of "Poetical Quotations"—a new edition of the American version of Bohn's "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations," edited by Anna L. Ward. Here are generously represented American and English authors, whose lines are classified according to their subjects: Actors, Adieu, Adversity (see Affliction); Homer, Honeymoon (see Moon), Hope, etc. The thinner volumes in this collection show, of course, the better page. There is a limit beyond which a reduction in bulk can be gained only at the cost of an imperfectly opaque page. The type is sizable and clear. George Eliot, traditionally a two-shelf author, certainly bears the aspect of novelty where condensed to eight inches.

Frederick A. Stokes Company offers an excellent reprint of Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," with illustrations in color and black-and-white by Byam Shaw. The artist

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has caught well the romance of that great historical novel.

Thomas B. Mosher's holiday-books have become standard Christmas-gift literature. This year we have from the Portland bookshop a fine array of poets: Eugene Lee-Hamilton's exquisite sonnet sequence, "Mimma Bella," 20 pages in vellum; W. E. Henley's "Rhymes and Rhythms," 70 narrow and unadorned pages in bluish-gray cardboard; "Rabbi Ben Ezra," showing a short and wide page, with a large-faced type; an exquisite group of lyrics by A. C. Swinburne ("Félise"); a reprint of Mr. Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire"; "A Branch of May Poems" and "A Wayside Lute," by Lizette Woodworth Reese. Among the smaller volumes is a fine reprint of Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity"; and in prose, besides, Francis Thompson's Essay on Shelley, in seventy very handsome pages; Arthur Symons's translation of Baudelaire's "Poems in Prose," and his own "Silhouettes"; "A Little Book for John O'Mahoney's Friends," by Katharine Tynan; Olive Schreiner's "The Lost Joy," and Pater's "Child in the House."

For lovers of the real book, we may recommend two new additions to the green-and-gold Library of Prose and Poetry, issued by the Oxford University Press. One of these is an exact reprint of Keats's volume of 1820, containing "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," the odes, and "Hyperion"; the other reproduces Gray's volume of 1768, containing, with the few pages of the appendix, all the poems published in the poet's life-time. Here, if anywhere, we have combined the grace of a gift-book and the substantial value of literature.

In a pocketable volume, H. S. Krans has gathered a chain of "English Love Poems, Old and New," admitting, as he says, "only poems that are, beyond all dispute, lyrical—brief, spontaneous, song-like, impassioned or aglow with feeling." The selection is good, and indeed has no need to go beyond well-trodden lines. In only a few instances—*e. g.*, where he accepts Hood's "I love thee" and rejects "Fair Ines"—do we feel we have just cause for quarrelling with his taste. The format of the book is not unlike that of the Golden Treasury Series, with, however, an ornate cover. The illustrations were better omitted. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A quite charming edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" has been printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with decorative designs by Margaret Armstrong on alternate pages. In each of these illustrations is inscribed a brief and appropriate quotation from some other poet.

Duffield & Co. issue for the holidays a collection of texts which they appropriately call The Rubric Series, since the printing is in red and black. The marginal decorations are in excellent taste and do decorate—and not obliterate—the text itself. The Rubric Series is published at a reasonable price, and, so far, includes no books which it is difficult to secure in other editions; but we heartily commend as pleasant to the eye and light to the hand the volumes which we have received: Browning's "Pippa Passes," Emerson's "Nature," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and the Dickens "Christmas Carol."

W. E. H. LECKY.

A Memoir of W. E. H. Lecky. By his wife. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Lecky, we read, never encouraged the idea of a biography, but we fancy his shade must be indulgent to a memoir that embodies so many of his own qualities of tact, proportion, and reserve. His career was uniformly brilliant; his relations included the best minds and wits in many nations. Nothing would have been easier than to stitch his letters together with perfunctory comment, and thus produce one more of those obesely formless biographies in two volumes. Mrs. Lecky has chosen instead to give only the significant material. Hundreds of letters are represented only by a single nugget of wit or wisdom, washed out of the imprisoning detritus. To such discretion, all gratitude is due.

The life of Mr. Lecky was an extraordinary example of economized forces. In him, the vital stock of sturdy landowning families had run low. How unBritish is the first picture we have of him as "a fair, quiet, gentle boy. He used to ride on a pony, write poetry, and sermons, and was much occupied with religious controversy." Of his school life at Cheltenham, he wrote twenty years later in terms that a Frenchman might use of the bondage of the Lycée: "I hated public-school life greatly, never playing any games, and being driven to the very verge of distraction at living always with other boys." There was, indeed, nothing of the wholesome young barbarian about Edward Lecky. Immediately after a town and gown riot on the green of Trinity College, Dublin, he writes: "My personal recollections are few, as I was so horrified at the faces streaming with blood and men half insensible that I was rather glad to turn away." And the further comment bespeaks the future judicious historian: "There seems but one opinion here, that the provocation in no respect justified the charge" (of the police force). Throughout his life city noises distressed him beyond endurance, and also the routine of society. Periodically and frequently he took refuge in travel:

> When I have got into a state of morbid, feverish excitability, I have usually gone, with some long and serious books which require minute and patient study, somewhere far from every one I know, and have there, in long solitary mountain walks, calmed my mind and systematized my thoughts.

The last phrase is significant. Systematizing his thoughts became the chief business of the man, and of it he made a very fine art. At Trinity College, Dublin, he became the paragon of an intellectual circle, including David Plunket, now a Peer; Mr. Fitzgibbon, and his life-long correspondent, Arthur Booth. Dowden, Traill, and Mahaffy were later college contemporaries and friends. Lecky was the best orator of the Historical Society and admittedly the most brilliant talker of his academic generation, but, moderate in all things, he was content to rank ten in a class of forty, to publish anonymously the inevitable thin volume of poems, and to prepare himself for a career in divinity. There followed several years of travel and research through the greater and lesser libraries of Europe, and gradually, it became clear that he was to have not the spiritual cure of a parish, but the intellectual cure of an epoch. Before the two great Histories of Rationalism and of Moral Ideas, he had given hostages in a small volume of "Irish Leaders." It fell still-born from the press in 1861, the author's twenty-third year, only to be revived into poignant actuality a score of years later during the Home Rule agitation. One would gladly know the stages that drew him away from the pulpit. Just what was his working balance between increasing rationalism and residual faith we shall never know, but it seems unlikely that this hidden struggle had the tragic cast so common among the great Victorians. Towards the end of his life, when questioned as to his religion by his constituents of Trinity College, he replied "I am a Christian," and resolutely refused all ulterior explanations.

It is pleasant to recall that the veteran George Ticknor was one of the first Americans to praise the "History of Rationalism," 1865. From this time dates the correspondence with H. C. Lea, the historian of the Inquisition. Still later James Ford Rhodes became something between a pupil and a counsellor. The two great treatises on Rationalism and European Morals established Lecky's fame. Achieved before his thirtieth year, involving prodigious research over a period of nearly two thousand years, the mere athleticism of the task would have contented a more ordinary man. But Lecky had worked out as well a fine and individual way of writing history, a manner which he once again exemplified in the more restricted and likewise more difficult task that virtually rounded off his life-work, the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." What his attitude was we must now briefly inquire.

Everybody knows that he brought to actual composition a singular amenity, clarity, and sense of proportion—qualities rather French than English. More important was a crystalline impartiality not incompatible with sympathy. "He had," writes a Trinity friend, "an inveterate habit, which exposed him to a great deal of misunderstanding, of defending in conversation whatever position happened to be attacked." Note clearly that his impartiality was not

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merely negative; there was in it no shred of indifference. Imaginative sympathy was, he held, the prime quality of the historian. He must be able to live along with every faction which he describes. Thus readers of the Morals alternately accused him of Popery, or more specifically, Jesuitism, and of atheism. Candor, literary tact, and sympathy form a large part of his equipment, but this perhaps would hardly set him apart from Green and lesser scholars. He brought an especial ardent faith in the validity of the generalizing process, and thereby he is the only English historian who has the full flavor of the Victorian mood as best represented in the poets. He believed that the motley chronicle of the past could not merely be organized and described, but also explained. The search for causes he knew to be desperately difficult, and this served not as a deterrent, but as a challenge. In a letter to a foreign correspondent he has given an account of his aims, which, if closely read, will go far to explain his peculiar excellences. Tracing his descent through Vico, Condorcet, Hegel, Herder, Comte, and Buckle, he adds:

> What characterizes these writers is that they try to look at history not as a series of biographies, or accidents, or pictures, but as a great organic whole; that they consider the social and intellectual condition of the world at any given period a problem to be explained, the net result of innumerable influences which it is the business of the historian to trace; and that they especially believe that intellectual belief has not been due merely to arguments or other intellectual causes, but has been very profoundly modified in many curious ways by social, political, and industrial influences.

That is, Mr. Lecky deliberately complicated the task of the historian in the direction of intimacy. One might almost have predicted that the young historian of Rationalism and European Morals must end as the author of the "Map of Life." This assertion of the will to interpret required prophetic courage, and we think it noteworthy that the finest and tersest eulogy of the Morals came from one Alfred Tennyson, who said: "It is a wonderful book for a young man to have written, a great book for any man to have written, and proves that he has genius, true genius."

There was a polished suavity in Mr. Lecky's manner as a writer that possibly told against his authority. He aroused the British prejudice against the clever person, and hardly got his due recognition as a laborious scholar. If any one still has such doubts, this biography will disabuse him. The digesting of two hundred volumes of manuscripts and one hundred of pamphlet collections for the Irish history is the partial record for one summer when he was "not exactly idle." It is his triumph to have concealed this labor by the grace of the finished product. His health, never robust, was seriously affected by his early tasks, and he held his own through a fairly long and most useful life by an elaborate system of evasion. London inevitably drew him, but he found a haven out of sound of the roar. Society claimed him, but had him rarely. He declined a Regius Professorship at Oxford in order to finish his "History of the Eighteenth Century." Nor would he contribute to Lord Acton's Cambridge History, except perfunctorily, disapproving as he did of the underlying coöperative idea. At thirty-three he married a lady-in-waiting of the Dowager Queen of Holland. It was then that he humorously envied the luck of Adam, who was "married in a deep sleep." The wedding reception was in the historic House in the Wood, in the Orange Hall, where later the Leckys were to see the body of their friend the Queen lying in state while her favorite swans swam untended outside. The gentler side of Lecky which is suggested in such a reference it would be interesting to exhibit fully, but a pair of examples must suffice. One recalls vividly his loyalty to Carlyle in mental dissolution. To Gavan Duffy Lecky writes quite simply:

> The last year or eighteen months of his [Carlyle's] life was very sad. . . . I used to drive with him regularly once a week, chiefly to light his pipe and lift to his lips a tonic which he had to take—as he could do neither himself, and he used to sink into long unbroken silences.

Is there any picture of the stricken Titan like that? In a different way one relishes equally the view of Herbert Spencer, who has just finished the "Sociology," and "seems very confident that it will be a complete explanation of human life." The work was running longer than the author's expectation, as "he had quite forgotten" the existence of one part, "domestic relations." However, adds Lecky, "these, too, will be explained."

It was inevitable that politics should claim Mr. Lecky as soon as the Irish question became urgent. He simply was the best informed contemporary on the history of that unhappy land, he had predicted the breakdown of the first land purchase bill, his friends included Irishmen of every tinge of opinion. By the winter of 1895, he was sitting in Parliament as member from Trinity College, Dublin. His seven years of this service were hardly happy ones. To Mr. Lea, he writes: "The work is physically very tiring, and I often feel that a good deal of it might be done equally well, with a little training, by a fairly intelligent poodle-dog." As a Liberal Unionist, he steered a consistent course. Towards the idea of Home Rule, he was steadily opposed. Parnell and his terrorists, he cordially detested. A separate Catholic university seemed to him needless. He advocated an extension of local self-government. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that his brief public career fell upon a time of declining health and spirits. He betrayed just a little of the old man's tendency to despair of the republic. To judge the recent Irish policy of England, which was virtually that of Mr. Lecky, would be hazardous. To us it seems deficient in humane audacity and imagination. Mr. Lecky insisted that, except to an orderly Ireland, nothing could be conceded, but it is rarely the part of political wisdom to treat ignorant and inflamed folk simply as they deserve. Here, many will think, was the chance for that instinctive and illogical idealism to which Mr. Lecky accorded so large a part in history. Through the genial caricatures of F. M. Gould, all the world knows Mr. Lecky, the Parliamentarian. The deprecating stoop, the craned neck, the general aspect of a benign human giraffe, have perhaps unduly robbed his presence of its real dignity. One likes better to remember him as he spoke at the tercentenary of his own college in 1892. "Clothed like the scarlet woman," as he once wrote whimsically to a correspondent, the tall self-contained figure concluded with words that needed no emphasis of gesture:

> Whatever fate may be in store for us, whatever new powers may arise, may this University at least be true to itself. In a country torn by sectarian and political strife, may it continue to bring together in friendly competition students of different creeds and different political colors, and teach them to respect each other and teach them to respect themselves. In an atmosphere hot and feverish with overstrained rhetoric and passionate exaggerations, may it continue the home of sober thought, of serious study, of impartial judgment, of an earnest desire for truth, building up slowly, steadily, and laboriously the nobler and more enduring elements of national life.

With this utterance, we may take leave of Mr. Lecky. It is in a manner his testament. It embodies the spirit of his great histories, of such tracts as "Democracy," or his ultimate and most intimate contribution to the literature of morals, "The Map of Life." In the later years his invalidism increased, and he died suddenly and painlessly in his own library on October 22, 1903, midway in his sixty-fifth year.

Mr. Lecky possessed a tact and industry that amounted to genius. He commanded a flexible and persuasive style. Constantly at grips with physical weakness, he conquered peace and opportunity for the effective employment of an indomitable mind. The element of tragedy and moral storm and stress which was so marked in his Victorian contemporaries is hardly perceived in him. He recalls rather the stalwart, intellectual optimism of the eighteenth century; but, an indefatigable investigator of the concrete and particular, he betrays nothing of the doctrinaire su-

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perficiality of the *Aufklärung*. Like his friend, Herbert Spencer, but with far more varied and imaginative insight, he exemplifies a peculiarly loyal courage of the mind. The value of strenuous research and honest generalization, he seems never to have doubted. In our time, this quality is rare and fortifying. Mr. Lecky lived to hear Brunetière proclaim the bankruptcy of science; he died before William James and Bergson had intimated the futility of intellection itself.

CURRENT FICTION.

Seymour Charlton. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Seymour Charlton, the younger son of an earl, finds himself, at thirty-five, a lonely and useless member of society. For a time his noble father has regarded him of importance as the possible heir to the title. The elder brother was a renegade—a socialist, and, unfortunately, a cad: there was felt to be a chance of his disposing of himself. He had, indeed, disappeared for a time in Australia, only to emerge with a wife and progeny; whereupon Seymour became a cipher in his father's eyes, and nearly that in his own. He now seemed destined to be a "little brother to the rich" for the rest of his life. But at this moment a saving thing happens. He falls seriously in love with a poor girl, and determines to drop the empty nonsense of fashionable life and be simply busy and happy with her. Then the father and the elder brother are taken off, the Australian offspring are discovered to be illegitimate, and Seymour Charlton finds himself the Earl of Brentwood, with huge wealth and many responsibilities. He marries the girl, but there is no quiet life of the affections for them. He is swept into political life, as a nominal leader but a virtual pawn, and is quickly involved in a mesh of petty cares and worries presented to him in the guise of public service. A Cabinet position is dangled before him, and he becomes a very little man in scheming to be a great one. There is estrangement between him and his wife. The man has become a manikin, and eventually allows himself to be actually unfaithful to her. But there is a strain of reserve force in him, and the moment is to come when, by the exercise of a real magnanimity, he is able to free himself from the toils of pseudo-greatness, and begin at last a reasonable life with the woman he really loves.

Readers of "Vivien" and "The Guarded Flame" will be prepared to find this theme treated by Mr. Maxwell in no merely conventional way. In Copland, the young earl's father-in-law—Copland the ingenuous, the exuberant, the perennially young, and, alas! the incurably tricky—there is a strong though no doubt chance resemblance to the irrepressible compounder of "Tono-Bungay."

The Severed Mantle. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Lindsey will be recalled by a few as author of a volume of respectable minor verse, and by many as author of a book of robustious youth called "Cinder-Path Tales." He would now seem to have turned his hand to historical romance rather in a spirit of adventure than from inner compulsion. Even historical romance is not a trick to be turned offhand, and there are not a few traces of the tyro in the present performance. It is a creditable *tour de force*, but it is far from a masterpiece. Provence in the time of the troubadours offers a tempting theme for the romancer, but a theme which has its evident perils. The brusque modern mind finds something approaching the affected and silly in that cult of "l'amour" upon which, after all, modern civilization is founded. When Mr. Lindsey tries to show "the land of the nightingale and rose when Idealism reigned supreme, with Love, Joy, and Song her counsellors," he sets himself a difficult task. He has simplified the matter by approaching the troubadour from the Puritan point of view, representing him not as "a shallow fellow who wandered about twanging a lute, and singing pretty songs to foolish women," but as an earnest liver, a lofty dreamer—often a martyr even.

He of the severed mantle sets out early in life in quest of "the Perfect Love." He has the familiar heroic adventures—hair-breadth escapes, doughty encounters, sentimental conquests. He does wonders in the lists and in the public contests of the masters of song. He is tempted by light loves, and finally by the summons of a great passion. But the spiritual side of his nature remains dominant. He wins through it all unscathed. A time of Crusade comes, and, with the Cross on his breast and the consecrating kiss of his lady on his lips, he finds the Perfect Love. The narrative is elaborately furnished with the detail and color of Provençal life in the twelfth century, but, unfortunately, the general effect is rather of ingenuity than of strength.

Whatever the book has of intrinsic interest is due to Mr. Lindsey's happy bits of translation from the Provençal song of the period.

The Red Saint. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

This writer has completely mastered the formula of the historical romance. He knows the right proportion of spectacle, intrigue, blood-letting, love-making, and authentic fact. He has had his previous successes ("Mad Barbara" and the rest), and the legend "Fifth Impression" to be found upon the present title-page indicates that "The Red Saint" is going the way of the popular novel. Taken in cold blood, the result is, of course, more or less preposterous; but historical romance, like melodrama, is hardly worth approaching at all unless in a child-like spirit. The "red saint" is a red-haired amateur hermitess who lives in a wood and works marvels of healing among the surrounding peasantry. She is bound by no vows, and love springs up between her and a neighboring noble. He is on the side of the barons in their struggle with Henry III; and during his absence in the field the red saint is violated in her cell by a Gascon follower of the King. The fact remains unknown, and the girl allows herself to be taken under the protection of the Abbot of Battle. She is welcomed with pomp as an accession to the abbey belongings; but her miraculous powers are gone, and she becomes a cause of humiliation to the monks. Finally her approaching motherhood is discovered, and she is driven forth with violence. She wanders helpless until she finds refuge under the wing of a camp-follower, a common woman of the road, but a good heart. The Gascon comes upon them, and it seems that she is to fall into his hands; but with the aid of the woman and of her undeclared lover of former days, she is rescued. Of course one sees them eventually united from the very outset; but the end is not yet.

Mr. Deeping, we say, knows the game. He makes fluent use of that quaint idiom which joins a modern syntax to an archaic vocabulary, with now and then a frank lapse into modern vernacular—as conventional a dialect as that with which the hero of melodrama edifies the gallery.

The Paladin. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This clever story is dedicated to the author's little daughter "and to other maids of high and low degree who, by a perusal of its pages, may learn, perhaps, that seeming paladins cannot be taken with impunity at their own valuation." Strictly, the book should have been called "The Seeming Paladin," for Harry Rye was a man who played the hero intermittently only, and made his acts of heroism deliberate and safe by "marking time" while he meditated them. On two or three occasions he did the right thing at the right moment. Usually, however, he achieved his chivalries too late. Thus did he fail to hold the woman for whom he achieved them: and his history becomes the record of that unpopular being, a careful man.

One cannot escape a feeling that the author, consumed as he is with just indignation, is yet hardly fair to his hero in his better moments. It is not surprising that weak human nature

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should be a little complacent at doing the honorable thing when the honorable thing means defiance of family and tradition. The heroine and her friends may well have been annoyed, but from the author one looks for perfect justice. Esther—labelled "a woman of temperament"—is a happy compound of sensitiveness and sense, kicking against the pricks but always stable in loyalty and kindness. Her defection from Harry is quite as much due to her own enlarging vision as to his shortcomings. The tangle here is one of unusual originality. The author admirably understands how far to give detail and how far to omit it. The side characters are particularly individual and the march of the story is conducted in a masterly way. The impression survives that it is not only the Harry Ryes who are arraigned, but the whole sex, especially such of them as play untimely golf on honeymoons.

OUR TREATMENT OF THE CHINESE.

Chinese Immigration. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

Just why Mrs. Coolidge's book should have been withdrawn from sale (a few days after publication) for several weeks is not altogether clear. The author is a well-known student and teacher of economics, not given heretofore to sensationalism, and of standing among scholars. Every material statement in the volume is vouched for as based either upon personal observation or upon authorities specifically cited; while a large part of the data is drawn from official publications bearing the imprint of the United States Government. The explanation offered by the publishers, that the book "contains so much criticism of officials concerned in our Chinese policy, that since the first objection, some weeks since, it has been kept out of the market awaiting others," is at least surprising, in view of the care with which publishers usually examine works dealing with living persons or matters of current discussion; and it is equally hard to believe that the publishers could be induced to yield to pressure from Washington, simply because a book issued by them reflected upon the character and work of government officials.

Yet if ever a book contained a damning arraignment of a governmental policy and its administration, Mrs. Coolidge's volume is such an one. We must pass over entirely the chapters devoted to discussion of the character and economic status of the Chinese, and the motives which have prompted their migration to the United States; merely remarking that, in thoroughness of observation and fulness of detail, they easily surpass all previous treatments of these topics and are in the highest degree informing. The leading feature of the book is its account of the development and administration of the exclusion laws. Here is set forth the whole long story of political chicanery, abuse, fraud, misrepresentation, coercion, illegality, and indecency in which the record of the treatment of the Chinese in this country is enshrined. In the evident willingness, and at times the purpose, to pass laws difficult of enforcement because intricate or obscure, and at the same time deliberately repugnant to treaty obligations and the common rights of individuals at law; to construe the law with the utmost strictness, and always against those claiming under it; to deny appeal to the courts, or so to impede it as to make appeal virtually impossible; to browbeat witnesses, attorneys, and friends, confine and deport immigrants without warrant or trial, and subject innocent persons to indignity and hardship without possibility of mitigation or redress; to mob, drive out, or kill inoffensive persons lawfully resident in the country and not even suspected of any crime; and to distort and falsify evidence in order that the acts of politicians might receive official support at Washington—the story of the Chinese in the United States recalls nothing so much as the Dreyfus case. Substitute for the Government and a corrupt officialdom in France a venal labor vote and corrupt immigration service in this country, and add in each case the bitter element of race hatred, and the historical parallel is singularly complete.

It would be some palliation if the responsibility for our national disgrace in the matter of the Chinese could be charged entirely to petty officials; but such, unfortunately, is not the case. It was Secretary Bayard who, after leaving unacknowledged for months the protests of the Chinese Minister against the Scott Act, declared that the act was passed in accordance with the wishes of China. It was Secretary Blaine who ignored repeated diplomatic protests against both the Scott Act and the Geary Act, the latter of which "not only violated every single article of the treaty of 1880, but also denied bail, required white witnesses, allowed arrest without warrant, and put the burden of proof on the Chinese" (p. 221). It was Acting-Secretary Wharton, an eminent authority on international law, who in December, 1892, replying at last to protests of four years' standing, evaded the questions at issue, laid the blame on the Chinese, and insultingly reproached Minister Tsui for not adopting "an attitude of amicable concurrence toward a rational and practical end." Even Secretary Hay, of all our great diplomatists the most enlightened and liberal in the treatment of the Chinese question, upheld the ruling of Attorney-General Griggs, in 1898, that the true meaning of the treaty of 1880 was "not that all Chinese persons may enter this country who are not forbidden, but that only those are entitled to enter who are expressly allowed"—a ruling which reversed the substantially uniform practice of sixteen years, and under which the Secretary of the Treasury "at once made a regulation denying admission to salesmen, clerks, buyers, bookkeepers, accountants, managers, storekeepers, apprentices, agents, cashiers, physicians, proprietors of restaurants, etc." (p. 283).

To any one familiar with the politics of California, the attitude of Congressmen and Senators from that State towards any question in which "labor" is concerned is rarely a matter of surprise; but the character of both the men and the methods employed to further the policy of exclusion gets startling illumination at Mrs. Coolidge's hands. The famous Congressional report of 1876, on Chinese immigration, is left without a leg to stand upon, so inaccurate and biassed are its statements shown to be. The reports of the United States consul at Hongkong from 1871 to 1879, D. H. Bailey, on the coolie trade and on slavery in China, were (in an article in the *North American Review*) cited as authoritative by Senator G. C. Perkins as recently as 1906; yet these reports were utterly misleading, and Bailey himself is declared to have been an embezzler, during his office, to an amount of at least ten times his annual salary; while T. H. King, one of the "star" witnesses before the investigating committee in 1876, aided him in his dishonesty. The two Commissioners-General of Immigration who held the office from 1889 to 1902, Hermann Stump and T. V. Powderly, were chosen solely in the interest of "labor," as was also Commissioner Sargent; while the Secretary of Commerce and Labor in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, Victor H. Metcalf, was a California politician heartily in sympathy with the trade unions in their advocacy of exclusion. The policy of brutality in the treatment of Chinese immigrants reached its climax in the career of the notorious James R. Dunn, sometime chief inspector at San Francisco, who, according to Mrs. Coolidge, "suggested rules and secured their adoption, and then under their sanction refused landing"; and in case of appeal to Washington, "presented the testimony in any shape he chose, colored with his own interpretations" (p. 322). Dunn was eventually transferred to Canada, and thence to St. Louis, from which place "three cases of arbitrary and outrageous procedure" by him and his subordinates have been reported to the State Department since this book was written.

Painful and humiliating as is the story which Mrs. Coolidge has to tell, the book must nevertheless prove a powerful agent for good. Of all our social problems in this country, none presents greater difficulties than the problem of

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the treatment of alien races; and coming, as this volume does, at a time when the feeling of the intelligent classes on the Pacific Coast towards the Chinese has changed from opposition to outspoken friendliness, and when a demand for administrative honesty and efficiency is loud and insistent in all parts of the country, it cannot but help on the work of adjustment, if in no other way than by showing how dreadful have been the mistakes of the past. If the officials of the immigration service have anything to say in reply to Mrs. Coolidge's specific allegations, they cannot too soon make their defence public.

The Evolution of the Messianic Idea: A Study in Comparative Religion. By the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

"Messianism," according to Dr. Oesterley, is not confined to Hebrew life and thought, although in them and Christianity it has attained its most perfect development. He holds that the leading conceptions comprised under this term, used in its broadest sense, can be traced back to the earliest dawn of the human understanding. The Messianic idea is grounded in some of the elemental characteristics of man's nature, and was originally expressed in certain world-wide myths, traces of which may be found among all primitive peoples. The feeling of fear, the sense of dependence, and the desire to be happy are declared by Dr. Oesterley to be the background of the three great myths, by means of which he thinks primitive man gave expression to his ideas. The "Tehom" myth (so-called from the Hebrew word in the second verse of Genesis) arose out of man's dread of natural forces, especially the sea, with which were associated early speculations regarding a primeval cruel monster inimical to gods and men. The feeling of dependence found expression in what Dr. Oesterley terms the "Jahwe" or "Heilbringer" myth, and the desire for happiness gave rise to the myth of "Paradise" or the "Golden Age." This essay consists of a careful investigation into the origin and development of these myths, their prevalence among various peoples, and their influence on Hebrew thought.

The author finds most of his material for the reconstruction of these primitive myths in the Old Testament, and most of the hints in regard to their development, although Babylonian literature proves also to be a fruitful field. Many of the Biblical allusions become clear in the light of the more primitive and fuller forms from Babylonia, and, in spite of Dr. Oesterley's contention for independent origin among the Hebrews, one cannot help thinking that the great "Tehom" myth was entirely and solely a product of the Euphrates valley, and that in so far as the Hebrews made use of the myth they borrowed from the Babylonians, substituting their own national God, Jahwe, for the victorious Marduk in the great struggle with the primeval monster. The parallels found among non-Semitic peoples are very vague, and we doubt if Professor Oesterley would have discovered them without the spur given to his imagination by his theory. It is surprising how many mythic allusions are found scattered throughout the Old Testament and in the Apocalyptic portions of the New. Nevertheless, the writer's insistence that these myths in their entirety were matters of common knowledge among the people when the Old Testament books were written is not well supported. In seeking to strengthen his case he proposes many emendations in the Hebrew text and makes a number of badly strained interpretations. The development of the idea of "Tehom," who was the mythical adversary of Jahwe, into the Jewish and Christian Satan is interestingly and convincingly set forth and forms one of the best chapters of the book. In the same way, though less clearly, the author traces the development of the "Messiah-Saviour" idea and the full conception of the "Messianic Era" and the "Jahwe" and "Paradise" myths.

Professor Oesterley naturally relies much on the investigation of Gunkel, Gressmann, Breysig, and others, but his book is a distinct and original contribution to the study of religion. He has brought together a great mass of material, and thrown new light on many obscure passages of the Old Testament. In the form of a dissertation his work was accepted by the University of Cambridge as sufficient for the degree of doctor of divinity, and in publication but few changes were made. It is a book principally for the scholar and the teacher of religion.

The Bretons at Home. By Mrs. F. M. Gostling. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

This thick octavo volume, with its wide margins and clear, large type, is an unusually agreeable book to see and to handle. The twelve illustrations in color by Gaston Fanty Lescure are, many of them, poetic and suggestive, and the larger number of photographs made by Mrs. Gostling and her husband are picturesque and not at all amateurish. An introductory chapter in French, contributed by Anatole Le Braz, the distinguished Breton folklorist, pays an exquisite tribute to the author, her book, and her nation, and incidentally reveals one of those beautiful *esprits de savant*, more often met with in France than elsewhere, in whom love of *la douce France*—or even, perhaps, of one among her provinces—seems to refine away all petty ambitions and rivalries, and give to their work almost the character of a religion.

Thus heralded and adorned, Mrs. Gostling's book itself is a little disappointing. In the course of the long journey, extending over nearly a month, and taking us from one end to the other of the Armorican peninsula—"la Bretagne bretonnante"—we have to confess that our interest flags repeatedly. The journey is accomplished sometimes in wagons, sometimes in antiquated chariots, and, for the most part, in a comfortable modern automobile; but the persons who occupy the "George Richard" remain rather tantalizingly vague and unreal to the end. Madame is always Mme. l'Anglaise, who loves Brittany and is interested in folklore and ruins, while M. le Docteur has not even thus much recognition, but is left more shadowy than the phantom saints and outworn gods, who people the strange land through which the motor speeds. Indeed, we cannot avoid the suspicion that it is for lack of this personal note, the slight, yet vivifying touch, evoking the living man and woman from the printed page, that so much of the book seems heavy.

Mrs. Gostling is evidently a scholarly, as well as a cultivated woman. She has travelled widely, and her acquaintance with folklore and legend, comparative mythology and ethnology, is considerable. Moreover, the austere beauty of the coast of Brittany, the fleeting glow of color in its autumn fields, and, above all, the primitive old-world life of its peculiar people, make the strongest appeal to her imagination. Occasionally, a passage of description or of reverie brings to her usually straightforward speech a certain sudden freedom and uplift, and for a moment we feel with her the strong sense of mystery and of doom which broods over the Breton country. We catch an echo of the inexorable decree that nothing achieved by the hand of the Celt shall endure, but that his frustrate spirit shall haunt forever the lands which in life he was impotent to hold.

Possibly, the wide range of her reading and her interests has tended to impair the unity and effectiveness of Mrs. Gostling's book. She makes too great a demand upon the flexibility of her reader's mind. Among the many who would delight to journey with her across the enchanted land of Merlin, stopping at noon or in the evening at little ghost-haunted inns (which provide, nevertheless, exceedingly good dinners), drinking in the beauty of the landscape, the wonders of its old ruined civilization, there are probably not a few to whom her long and learned excursions into folklore and myth, Christian legend and Pagan superstition, would appear a tiresome interruption and delay. It would probably have been better if all these legends

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in prose and verse, many of which are in themselves well told, had been collected and printed by themselves as a separate section of the book. On the whole, in spite of M. Le Braz's words of fervent approbation, we must persist in believing that neither he, nor any other of the Latin tradition, would have given us "The Bretons at Home" in precisely this form and arrangement.

La Sardegna Medioevale. By Enrico Besta. Vol. I: Le vicende politiche dal 450 al 1326. Vol. II: Le istituzioni politiche, economiche, giuridiche, sociali. Palermo: Alberto Reber.

In the volumes before us we have what we believe to be the first really serious attempt to write the history of Sardinia during that obscure period which, beginning with the invasion of the Vandals under Genseric, ends with the Aragonese conquest in the Trecento. That such a work supplies a very real want will hardly be denied by any student of things mediæval; and we suspect that a very limited amount of self-examination will convince the vast majority of our readers that such knowledge as they possess of the vicissitudes of Sardinian story, from the fifth century to the fourteenth, is not only extremely meagre, but also more than a little insecure. For most of us vague notions of Saracenic and Ostrogothic incursions, dateless and undetailed, gradually merge into slightly more definite ideas of Pisan and Genoese victories, combined, perhaps, with some general impression—gleaned, most likely, from the commentators of Dante—of a division of the island into four judgeships. Then, the figure of King Enzo looms largely, golden-haired and debonair; and if, by further cudgelling of our brains, we succeed in calling to remembrance "noble judge Nino," whom the poet rejoiced so greatly not to find among the damned, and

> frate Gomita,
> Quel di Gallura, vasel d'ogni froda,

we may probably flatter ourselves that we have recollected all we ever knew about the matter. Moreover, until Professor Besta wrote this book, it was always extremely difficult to find any remedy for our ignorance. Earlier historians of Sardinia, from Fara and Cambiagi onwards, there have no doubt been, but most of them are entirely out of date, and none of them is accurate enough to satisfy the requirements of modern criticism and modern research, while the learned monographs of Solmi, Brandileone, and Mondolfo are too restricted in their scope to be of any great use to the inquirer who starts without some antecedent knowledge of his own. At last, however, all this is changed, and we can henceforward follow the story of mediæval Sardinia, in its main outlines at any rate, quite as securely as we can those of Florence, Rome, or Naples. That there are still byways to be explored will only add to the pleasure of the student, now that the highways are made practicable.

Of Professor Besta's two volumes the second is undoubtedly the more interesting; but, although they are procurable separately, the judicious reader will not fail to buy them both, since it is obviously impossible to understand the political, economic, and juridical institutions of a people without some knowledge of its history. One warning only is necessary. Learned, accurate, and profound, a perfect mine of reference for further research, "La Sardegna Medioevale" is nevertheless none too easy to read. Like nearly all modern Italian historical works of any value, it is written by a scholar and for scholars. There is not the slightest attempt to gild the pill. Verbatim quotations from the old Sardinian documents, continual interpolations of untranslated Greek and Latin passages in the body of the text, and footnotes which often cover a liberal half of the entire printed page, will hardly, we imagine, appeal to the mere tourist, however thoroughly he may understand Italian.

Notes.

The Malone Society is now in its third year, and will, it is hoped, by the end of 1909 have produced eighteen volumes of plays and collections in return for the guineas of its members. Notice has been given that the roll of the society will be closed on March 20, 1910, after which candidates will be admitted only as vacancies occur and on payment of an entrance fee. Any one interested in the early English drama, and wishing to join before the roll is closed, or desiring further information, is invited to communicate with the honorary secretary, Mr. Arundell Esdaile, at the British Museum, London, W. C.

The Germanic Museum of Harvard University has received a gift of $150,000 from Adolphus Busch of St. Louis for the housing of its collections, now inadequately shown in the old building which was formerly the college gymnasium.

A conference of the recently organized American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology was held at Madison, Wis., November 26 and 27, to consider alleged defects in our system of punitive justice. This conference was attended not only by lawyers and judges, but by physicians, clergymen, social workers, and students. It was divided into eight committees for the discussion of topics relating to the Jury, Trial Procedure, Trial of the Issue of Mental Responsibility, Appeals and Reversals, Organization of Courts, Juvenile Offenders, Probation, Parole, Pardon and Sentence, and Causes and Prevention of Crime. The main purpose of the conference was educational, and in this it succeeded in calling attention to a number of problems connected with the administration of criminal law in Wisconsin.

The senate of the University of Cambridge has accepted a gift of £20,000 from the firm of Schroeder & Co. of Hamburg, for the endowment of a Germanistic professorship. The new chair will be termed the Schroeder professorship of German.

W. S. Braithwaite's "Book of Restoration Verse" (Brentano's) belongs to a series which will form a full anthology from 1557 to 1910. It falls between the Elizabethan and Georgian periods, and receives its name because "the year, and those succeeding 1685, when the restored monarchy came into power and ruled, gave to the group of writers who were at the height of their powers under the influence of Charles's court a definite and unusual character." Mr. Braithwaite's principle of selection is, it must be admitted, fairly arbitrary. Waller is left for the Elizabethan poets because he is "the product of a declining epoch," whereas Milton is placed in the Restoration because he points forward. It would be hard to be critically more perverse than this; do Dryden and Pope flow from Milton or Waller? Again, it introduces a totally incongruous matter to include the ballads in this volume. Surely, the ballad of Percy and Douglas, which moved Sidney's heart like the sound of a trumpet, belongs not here, but with the Elizabethans. Other incongruities might be pointed out, but after all, we do not look for homogeneity in an anthology. Mr. Braithwaite has brought together a mass of beautiful and characteristic poems, some of them little known, and the publishers have given his work the temptation of fair pages and neat binding.

In the latest of his anthologies, E. V. Lucas has gathered together from the rich gallery of English literature a pleasant galaxy of portraits of "originals." This is, too, as handy a little volume as all the rest, and he calls it, "Some Friends of Mine" (The Macmillan Co.). All the portraits are painted by natives of Great Britain and Ireland, or of these United States, except a group credited to those cosmopolitan geniuses, Plutarch, Vasari, Heinrich Heine, and the elder Dumas; and the volume is almost altogether made up of prose passages, though the last piece of all is Oliver Wendell Holmes's, "Our Last Friend." Perhaps it is worth while, now that we have mentioned Holmes, to enumerate the other Americans to be met with here, as authors: name Lowell, and Washington Irving, and Joaquin Miller, and Leland, and the list is told. There has been no straining after esotericism in the selection of the English representatives, either; yet the range is a generous one. And the classification is one to whet one's literary appetite: Chance Acquaintance, Urban Humorists, Country Gentlemen, Men of Law and Sportsmen, Wild Irishmen and Six Painters, Bookworms and Teachers of Youth, make a pageant whose passing one is the happier for. Mr. Lucas's modest volume contains a fine collection of pages apt for reading aloud; and so we hope that genial fireside art is not yet wholly lost.

In his "Last Days of Charles II" (Henry Frowde), Dr. Raymond Crawfurd has made a most interesting contribution not only to what he calls the "medicine of history," but to history itself. The last ill-

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ness and death of Charles II have been described frequently and minutely. But, however interesting and picturesque these narrations have been, Dr. Crawfurd justly declares in his preface that no historian appears to have described the events with any approach to accuracy, while the only considerable medical authority who has written on the subject has confirmed the errors of historians by giving his authority to a wrong premise, thus establishing a wrong conclusion. The present author has based his account largely on the interesting and authoritative statement of the case and its treatment written by Sir Charles Scarburgh, first physician to Charles II, which is still preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquarians at Burlington House. This he reprints in an appendix, both in the original Latin and in translation. From it, from a mass of contemporary authority, and from his own medical knowledge, he reconstructs in minute detail the progress of the case with all its attendant circumstances, arriving at the conclusion that Charles's death was due to chronic granular kidney accompanied by uræmic convulsions. Such a conclusion has much value to the political historian, since previous accounts have not merely confused the subject, but have often left the impression that the darker suspicions of the time regarding the King's death were not wholly without foundation. No less interesting than the story of the peculiar circumstances attending this last illness is the account of the treatment of the case. The list of remedies and prescriptions, the diagnosis and the means used by the fifteen attendant physicians to cure or relieve the unfortunate patient, give a vivid picture of seventeenth-century medicine. A pharmacopœia which included sal ammoniac, Jesuit's bark or cinchona, as well as bezoars (a concretion found in the stomach of an East Indian goat), and spirits of human skull, made from the skull of a man who died a violent death, marks the transition from mediæval to modern medicine in striking fashion. Illustrated with portraits of Charles II and his physicians, King and Scarburgh, with reproductions of Charles's effigy and a mask drawn from it, the little essay makes a most interesting study, well worth reading.

A clear and readable essay on Lincoln, expanded from a popular address given in New York city on Lincoln Day, February 12, 1909, forms the body of George Haven Putnam's "Abraham Lincoln; the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). While the presentation of the subject is without novelty, the language is simple enough to appeal to young people, and the narrative is enlivened by interesting reminiscences of the author's army life. An appendix reprints the revised text of Lincoln's Cooper Union speech, with the contemporary annotations of Cephas Brainerd and Charles C. Nott, and some hitherto unpublished letters of Lincoln and Nott regarding the revision and publication of the address.

The original inventory of the contents of Mount Vernon in 1810, filed in the Fairfax County Court House, was lost during the war; and its recovery was deemed so improbable that dependence was had on an imperfect copy, retained in one of the branches of the Washington family. The value of the document lay in its reasonably full list of the personal possessions of Gen. Washington and a quite complete list of the books in his library. Therewith it would be possible, in a general way, to test the many claims of Washington relics, and to prove the forging of the bookplate, and its insertion in books which were never in the Washington library. This inventory came to light in a Middle Western State, and has been very prettily printed in a limited edition by the owner, W. K. Bixby of St. Louis. It is thus accessible in a full form for the first time. The list of books had been already elaborately printed by William C. Lane. It may be noted that in the *Virginia Historical Magazine* for October is published a list of the library of Daniel Parke Custis, whose widow Washington married. For the first few pages of the manuscript the books are divided between Washington and his stepson, Jacky Custis, thus showing the source of some of the volumes in the general's library, thought to be most indicative of his taste, such as Duhamel's "Husbandry" and Bland's "Military Discipline."

"Italian Vignettes," by Mary W. Arms, is just one more of those perfervidly sentimental little books which paradoxically enough are inevitably provoked by that most sensible of people, the Italians. All the customary glow is here, and not much else. May it not seem ungracious, passing other inaccuracies, to say that the well-known painter of Capri is not Henry but Charles Caryl Coleman, and that the "Albine" mountains are unknown to orographers. The book is attractively got up by the publisher, Mitchell Kennerley.

Edward Hutton has found the way to Rome, and his book under that title bears the traces of his northern route. A mediævalist and romanticist of the purest water, he is often in the attitude of grudging Latin Rome its renown. This temper is by no means unusual. We have heard it said that but for the Roman remains Rome would be wholly delightful. Yet this is an unhappy view for a guide to take. To omit the fragments of the Ara Pacis requires hardihood; to fail to praise the Arch of Titus—one of the few delicately proportioned monuments of Imperial times—suggests prejudice. In fact, numerous omissions and inaccuracies bring the work below the author's standard. One may imagine omitting Sta. Agnese *fuori*, but hardly the neighboring tomb of Sta. Costanza with its important mosaics. Again the Latin Tombs want at least a word, not to mention the Lateran Museum, if only for its splendid series of sarcophagi. Is Christ represented as "Pantocrator" in the apse of Sta. Pudenziana? If so, the intimacy of the composition, its significant difference from later ones, should have been pointed out. It is not true that all Cavallini's work in Southern Italy has perished, unless, indeed, Mr. Hutton challenges Venturi's plausible attribution of the frescoes in Sta. Maria Donna Regina, Naples. To slight the remnants of Arnolfo at Rome requires either courage or carelessness. The book is far from up to date. The new Discobolus of the Terme Museum is unmentioned, as well as the lovely Temple Ministrant discovered three years ago at Anzio. The mighty figure of a stricken Niobid, in the Banca Commerciale, is similarly passed by. The rearrangement and augmentation of the Vatican picture gallery is acknowledged only in a note. In short, this book should have begun with its second edition. However, it is enthusiastically written, and will doubtless warm the hearts of those whose Roman days are behind them. For such sentimental fireside travellers, indeed, we judge it is chiefly intended. Maxwell Armfield's sixteen color sketches, as here reproduced, have an eighteenth century reserve and lack of fibre, but are fairly successful in evoking a mild glamour. The book is published by the Macmillans.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Université libre de Bruxelles has been recently celebrated. Delegates from the various foreign universities were in attendance, and honorary degrees were conferred upon several of these, including M. Poincaré of the French Academy; Professors Le Dantec, Lavisse, and Lanson of the University of Paris; MM. Roux and Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute; Professor Westlake of Cambridge, and others; also upon the poets Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, and upon Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, who has, since then, died.

When we say of Prof. A. E. Taylor's "Plato," in the Dodge Publishing Co.'s Philosophies Ancient and Modern, that it [illegible] the reader less than any introduction to the Platonic philosophy with which we are acquainted, we mean this for high praise. Professor Taylor's style and method are a happy mean between the conventional vagueness of popular philosophy which tells the student nothing, and the unavoidable pedantry of specialization which overwhelms him with detail and confuses him with controversy. The brevity of his exposition omits all philological apparatus, passes over many minor matters, and neglects some niceties of interpretation. But in perspective, proportion, and the due distribution of emphasis it is essentially sound and right, in refreshing contrast to some more ambitious attempts of recent years. Plato's fundamental conceptions and aims, the meaning of his theory of ideas often miscalled idealism, the purpose of his "Republic," and the true relation of his thought to the life of his time, to the criticism of Aristotle and the moderns, and the eternal problems with which it deals, are succinctly, correctly, and lucidly set forth.

Professor Taylor does ample justice to all the positive achievements of modern philological research in the determination of the probable relative dates of the dialogues. But he is completely emancipated from the fantastic hypothesis of an earlier and later system of Platonic metaphysics which has introduced so much confusion into the recent literature of the subject in England and Germany. His book may be recommended without reserve as an introduction to the study of Plato for the student and for the general reader who desire in brief compass an intelligible and trustworthy account of the life and teaching of the world's most influential thinker and greatest artist in prose. While it cannot vie as a work of literary art with Pater's "Plato and Platonism," or as entertaining reading with Emile Faguet's "Pour qu'on

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lise Platon," it is far more sane and true than either. Its readers will have much more to learn if they care to pursue the subject further. But they will have nothing to unlearn.

Dr. William Newton Clarke's elaborate and thorough treatise on "The Christian Doctrine of God" is followed quickly by personal narrative of his changing views regarding Holy Scripture during his long life as a Christian pastor and teacher. The new volume is entitled "Sixty Years with the Bible: A Record of Experience" (Charles Scribner's Sons). With entire frankness, in which mistaken opinions and inconsistent judgments are recorded faithfully, he describes the road he has travelled, from quiet confidence in an infallible rule of doctrine to critical use of a partial record of an expanding religious life. This is not the story of a series of catastrophes or cataclysmic illuminations. Dr. Clarke moved very slowly toward his goal, and kept sure hold of his faith through the entire process. Nevertheless, the change from his early attitude toward Scripture to that from which he wrote his latest volume is nothing less than revolutionary, and in Dr. Clarke's treatment it appears absolutely necessary. It is difficult to see how any one can find him at fault at any point for yielding to the newer views, as they appeared before him, and equally difficult to believe that his high reverence for the Bible from his present position is unfounded. This frank recital of his experience will serve admirably as a guide to less thorough and discerning minds.

The "Insel-Almanach auf das Jahr 1910" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag), decidedly one of the best literary annuals issued in such abundance by German houses, deals largely with Schiller, but by no means confines itself to him and his recent jubilee. The rest of the contents are varied and well selected, both old and new matter being given with rich illustrations.

An admirable series of photographs of the temples of India is given in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November. The most striking impression gained from them is made by the wonderful ornamental carvings in stone, which, in one instance, represent an amount of labor "such as never was bestowed on any surface of equal extent in any building in the world." The contrast between the India of ancient times and of to-day is shown by the first picture of the series, the splendid Y. M. C. A. building in Bombay.

Adolph Growoll, long managing editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, died in New York city December 7, aged fifty-nine years. He was the author of "The Booksellers' Library and How to Use It" (1891); "James Thomson: a Biographical and Bibliographical Sketch"; "The Profession of Bookselling" (two volumes, 1893); "Publishers' and Other Book Exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition" (1893); "American Book Clubs: Their Beginnings and History, and a Bibliography of Their Publications" (1897); "Booktrade Bibliography in the United States in the Nineteenth Century" (1898); "Frederick Leypoldt, a Biographical Sketch" (1899); "Henry Harrisse, a Biographical Sketch" (1899); "Three Centuries of English Book Trade Bibliography" (1903); "The Booksellers' League: a History of Its Formation and Ten Years of Its Work" (1905).

Daniel Ayres Goodsell, the Methodist Episcopal bishop resident in New York, died December 4 at his home in this city. He was born in Newburgh November 5, 1840, and was graduated in 1854 from New York University. For seven years, from 1880, he was the literary editor of the *Christian Advocate*. In the course of his official duties he travelled to China, Japan, Korea, Italy, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Germany, Scandinavia, and Finland, and also visited nearly every part of the United States; and he was the author of two books, "Nature and Character at Granite Bay" and "The Things Which Remain."

William Alfred Packard, professor of the Latin language and literature at Princeton University, and formerly a professor at Dartmouth College, died in Princeton, N. J., December 2. He was born in 1830 in Brunswick, Me., and was a graduate of Bowdoin College and of Andover Theological Seminary, and studied (1857-8) at the University of Göttingen. He revised, with translations from later editions, Curtius's "History of Greece."

Charles Gross, professor of history at Harvard College, died in Cambridge, Mass., December 3. He was born at Troy, N. Y., February 10, 1857. His education was at Williams College and at Göttingen. From 1884 to 1888 he was engaged in literary work in London; from 1888 he was connected with the history department at Harvard. He was the author of "Gilda Mercatoria" (1883); "The Exchequer of the Jews in England in the Middle Ages" (1887); "The Gild Merchant" (1890); "Select Cases from the Coroners' Rolls" (1896); "Bibliography of British Municipal History" (1897), and "Sources and Literature of British History" (1900). He was the translator of the "Political History of Europe," by Lavisse (1891), and of Kayserling's "Christopher Columbus" (1893); and was a contributor to the *Political Science Quarterly*, *American Historical Review*, and other journals.

From Paris we learn of the death of Mlle. Renée Vivien, the author of various volumes of verse, of which the earlier "Etudes et préludes," "Cendres et poussières," and "Brumes de Fjord" were published under the name René Vivien. Besides several volumes of poems, suggestive, in the main, of Baudelaire, she published a romance, "Une Femme m'apparut," and collections of stories. "Les Flambeaux éteints," a final volume of verse, is announced for posthumous publication.

Science.

The Natural History of Igneous Rocks. By Alfred Harker, M.A., F.R.S. Fellow of St. John's College, Lecturer in Petrology in the University of Cambridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

This is a book for the trained specialist, but it has a message for the layman. With unexcelled completeness and force, Mr. Harker has presented the latest ideas as to the nature and activities of the fluid material emanating from the earth's interior. Most of us live far from the few openings in the crust of the globe where we may look upon liquid rock. It is difficult to realize that the earth is merely the nearest of the wandering stars, a star covered with a thin film of frozen matter. Even the catastrophes of Martinique and southern Italy hardly suffice to drive into our consciousness the fact that we are living on a heavenly body. Mr. Harker's book helps one to secure this broad, true view of the planet. Not only in the spectacular volcanoes of the present, but yet more notably in the fashioning of ancient granite or porphyry, in the immense work of the internal gases through geological time, and in the millions of ancient extrusions and intrusions of once liquid rock, the earth shows its kinship with the sun.

The work is not a treatise descriptive of the many species of igneous rocks, but is chiefly devoted to the problem of their origin. Molten rock is called magma. That magma which reaches the surface bears the familiar name lava. The author wisely points out that the magma, which has been intruded into the earth's crust and crystallized there, is quantitatively much more important than all the lavas together. The surface rocks of the crust are radio-active. No one can yet say how much of the earth's internal heat is due to this subatomic energy, nor to what extent the inevitable cooling of the globe by radiation is thus counterbalanced. Mr. Harker evidently believes that most of the vast heat-energy represented in the igneous magmas is an inheritance from a former, hotter state of the globe.

The mechanism by which molten rock is transferred from the depths to levels at or near the earth's surface is referred by the author to two contrasted kinds of crustal movement. The transfer is a hydrostatic phenomenon, the magmatic fluid being displaced when blocks of the earth's crust are notably moved. If the movement of blocks is vertical along faults, as in the formation of many plateaus, the magma may be squeezed through the fault-planes, which appear on the surface as lines of fissuring. If the movement of crust blocks is due to horizontal pressure, as in most mountain-ranges, the magma is displaced, but as a rule can reach the surface only at scattered points. Accordingly, volcanic discharges are divided into fissure-eruptions and central eruptions. A similar distinction is attempted among the intrusive bodies which never reached the earth's surface.

An inductive study has led Mr. Harker to the division of igneous rocks into two great classes, called the Atlantic and Pacific branches. They are principally contrasted by their relative content of soda and potash, these alkalies being, on the average, more abundant in the Atlantic branch than in the other.

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The two names correspond to the prevailing division of igneous rocks into the "alkali-group" and the "sub-alkali" or "lime-alkali" group. The new naming was proposed by Mr. Harker in 1896 to emphasize his view that "the one type is found around the Atlantic and part of the Indian Ocean and in the Polar basins, the other, generally speaking, around the Pacific." The appropriateness of the names depends on a knowledge of rock-distribution which is as yet very meagre, and especially so regarding the Pacific area. As this half of the earth is explored alkaline rocks are discovered in many regions, such as the Hawaiian Islands, the Celebes Islands, Tahiti, Southern China, Western Mexico, Western British Columbia, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. On the other hand, the sub-alkaline rocks are much more abundant than the alkaline rocks in the Atlantic-Indian-Polar area itself. It appears, therefore, that the new names are not advisable substitutes for the older non-geographical names of these two chief classes of eruptive rocks.

The most valuable portion of the book is a clear, detailed statement as to how actual igneous rocks have been formed from molten magma. The advance of physical chemistry during the last dozen years has made it evident to the petrologist that rock-magmas are solutions, and that, in general, the same laws as those controlling the crystallization of water solutions, or of alloys, have governed their solidification. This new conception of the earth-stuff is outlined by Mr. Harker with great skill. He shows some of the ways in which magmas may divide into crystal-aggregates and mother-liquors, thus explaining, in part, the diversity of the igneous rocks. For the rest, that diversity is chiefly explained by other causes of "magmatic differentiation." The book is weak in the discussion of the conclusions, reached by many working geologists, that large and numerous bodies of magma have been affected fundamentally in chemical composition through solution of solid rock-matter. Since the natural history of igneous rocks should be based on a sound and full theory of their parent magmas, this failure of treatment is in contrast with the general excellence of the book.

The last chapter contains a keen adverse criticism of the new "Quantitative" classification of the igneous rocks as developed in the well-known work by Messrs. Cross, Iddings, Pirsson, and Washington.

The pity of modern science is that its most exciting hunts for the truth are made in a forest of observations and experiments into which the average man cannot follow. Only a few investigators have the power to show their prizes to the layman and to tell him of the rules of the hunt. This Mr. Harker has not specially tried to do. His engrossing study is young and difficult. He has done petrology a great service in writing so fully and clearly, though necessarily in a technical manner. Another twenty years of work may give us a similarly able "popular" book on the origin of the igneous rocks. Meanwhile the present work may be profitably undertaken by many readers of general scientific training. They will find a new "ethics of the dust" among these rocks, which are obedient to their own great code of social laws.

Nothing more strikingly reminds one that the sport and business of flying have come to stay, than the serious attention given to the subject, especially in Germany, by those writers whose pride it is to strike while the iron is hot. The latest book for air-travellers is Dr. Hermann von Schrötter's "Hygiene der Aëronautik" (Leipzig: Grethlein), an illustrated volume, crammed with footnotes and warnings for the navigator of the clouds. This book has an appendix and a bibliography; but the "Flugmaschinen: Theorie und Praxis" of Georg Wellner (Vienna: A. Hartleben) deserves more respectful attention as a scientific production. Admitting that the kite type of machine has thus far been most successful, Wellner prophesies a still greater success for the propeller flyer, far though it is from the market. Zeppelin's performances receive very curt review here. Another work, more popular, perhaps, and giving in some fifteen or twenty essays a history of the conquest of the air to date, is "Die Eroberung der Luft" (Stuttgart: Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft); with an introductory greeting reproduced from Count Zeppelin's autograph. This is an even more fully illustrated volume than the others, and the chapters are by a variety of writers. The enthusiasm of this volume's tone is suggested by the fact that Dr. A. Stolberg's contribution is entitled: "Reaching the North Pole by Means of a Balloon."

Drama.

The Incomparable Siddons. By Mrs. Clement Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

This latest work by Mrs. Parsons exhibits all the characteristics that distinguished her "Garrick and His Circle." It shows minute and comprehensive knowledge of the dramatic period of which it treats, is written with enthusiasm tempered by critical discretion, and, although somewhat over-zealous in the collection of irrelevant or insignificant detail, is full of interesting matter. Naturally, it adds but little—nothing that is important—to the stock of common knowledge of the public and private life of England's most famous actress, but it presents, in orderly and attractive form, the essence of the mass of contemporaneous and later theatrical literature, in which she figured so largely. Wherever statements of fact are concerned, reference is made to the quoted authority, and the book, therefore, will not only prove a boon to the ordinary reader, but a valuable aid to the more deliberate student of theatrical affairs.

It is not necessary to give a descriptive or critical analysis of the book. Enough to say that it throws all the known traits, professional and private, of Mrs. Siddons, into bold relief, and so recreates, as it were, an extinct personality. This constitutes its salient merit and charm. It recalls the almost unanimous testimony of credible eye-witnesses to the regal beauty, the matchless grace and dignity, the melting pathos, and the majestic passion of this queen of the tragic stage. Of her towering prëeminence in her own era over all rivals of her own sex there can be no reasonable doubt. This is proved by the length of her reign, the crowds she drew, the fortune she amassed, and the effects she produced upon her audiences. Women frequently shrieked and swooned at her most moving passages. Remembering the habits of the day one is tempted to wonder whether there may not have been some trace of the alcoholic in these manifestations. Doubtless there must have been some marvellously poignant notes in her emotional utterances. But was she actually incomparable? Has the divine spark vanished utterly from the modern stage? Have Rachel, Kean, Macready, Cushman, Ristori, Janauschek, Bernhardt, Duse, Booth, or Salvini no place in her sphere? Genius is rare, but it was not a monopoly of the Kembles.

The truth is that it is futile now to try to estimate the genius of Siddons—or of Garrick—in a balance. Times, standards, dispositions, points of view—all have changed. Siddons, as she was, probably would not be tolerated to-day. But the lesson of her career is none the less vital. Genius as she indisputably was, it is tolerably safe to assume that her triumphs were quite as much the result of conscientious and indefatigable study as of any special inspiration or physical endowments. She did not act, as Garrick appears to have done, wholly upon impulse and instinct. And herein, perhaps, lies the one moral of her career that is of present practical value. It must not be forgotten that, in spite of her early and brilliant provincial successes, she failed, at first, to please a London audience. It was only after a prolonged and arduous second apprenticeship in the stock companies of provincial cities—notably at Bath—that she returned with developed and matured powers, to dazzle the metropolis. Fortunately, we have abundant testimony, from herself and others, concerning her methodical and intelligent habits of work; and they are significant. Her

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measured diction and broad, free, sweeping gesture were in accordance with the tradition then prevailing. But in her impersonations and readings she copied no one. Moreover, it was her rule to study the whole play in order to get the true perspective of the character she was to personify. This degree of artistic integrity was as uncommon, probably, in the Georgian era as it is now. That she was impressionable and imaginative is fully proved by her own account of the nervous terror into which she was thrown by the murder scene in "Macbeth"; and her declaration, several times repeated, that she suffered in her own person the woes which she simulated, is worthy of careful note. She even says that she never played distressed mothers so well as when she had maternal griefs of her own to express. This confession of self-identification with her parts leads to the natural inference that —although supreme along certain lines —she was deficient in versatility. And this suspicion is strengthened, if not wholly justified, by the fact that her Lady Macbeth (probably her greatest achievement), her Katherine, Constance, and Volumnia, the chief jewels in her dramatic crown, contain practically all the emotional ingredients of her other popular parts, such as Belvidera, Jane Shore, Mrs. Beverley, Lady Randolph, etc. As Juliet she was only partly successful, while in Portia, Rosalind, Beatrice, and other comedy parts, she was distinctly unsatisfactory.

But in tragedy she was a superb actress and a great artist, a noble product of the stock company, the only system that ever has produced, or ever can produce, a generation of finished players. And she shed lustre upon the stage by the purity and dignity of her womanhood. Mrs. Parsons's volume is rich in illuminative details of her private life as wife and mother, of her fortitude in affliction, and of her prevalent sanity amid all the adulation of which she was the object. It contains also much interesting matter concerning her immediate family, her contemporaries and descendants, to which only this brief reference is necessary now. In short, it is a full and good book which no student of theatrical literature can afford to neglect.

"The Nigger," the latest production of the young dramatist, Edward Sheldon, which has just been added to the repertory of the New Theatre, is a pretentious, sensational, crude, and insignificant piece. In a purely theatrical sense it is effective, in spite of its improbabilities and anti-climaxes; but Mr. Sheldon, like other beginners, constantly mistakes violence for strength, and platitudes for profundity. He touches on only a few points, and those the most obvious, in the vast and intricate subject which he has selected, and his treatment of them is not remarkable either for perception or tact. Throughout, his play is far more theatrical than human. It is founded upon the almost incredible premise that a Southern gentleman would put even his own illegitimate offspring, by a colored woman, in the place of his legitimate white heir who had died. Some such invention was necessary to the central scene of the play, in which the hero, now the honored Governor of his State, and noted even among his intimates for pride of race, is suddenly confronted with the fact that he has colored blood in his veins, and threatened with instant exposure if he will not veto a prohibition bill which he has resolved to approve. This is a poignant situation, almost worthy of tragedy, but it is reached by such transparent artifice that it can be ranked only as an ingenious and effective bit of melodrama. A later scene, also of striking theatrical quality, in which the Governor manfully confesses to his betrothed bride the bitter truth of his origin, ends with a stroke of crude realism which is as inconsistent as it is inartistic, and chills the hitherto sympathetic spectator. But the whole second act is full of stirring theatrical stuff. At the last the Governor, forestalling his enemies, resolves to publish the story of his ancestry, resign from office—he has already refused to marry the girl who would have shared his degradation—and devote his future existence to the service of the colored race. Undoubtedly the play makes a vivid representation of deplorable facts, but the exploitation of evils is not always the best way of abating them. "The Nigger," with its somewhat lurid treatment of both crime and sentiment, is more likely to provoke prejudice than to promote thought. The representation by the New Theatre Company was one of all-round competence. Melodramatic details were especially well done.

Miss Billie Burke's next appearance upon the New York stage will be in the Lyceum Theatre in January, when she will be seen as the heroine of "Mrs. Dot," the comedy by W. S. Maugham, which had a year's run in London, when it was produced there the season before last.

A special performance of "Ingomar" in the Liberty Theatre, New York city, is promised for December 31, for the benefit of the Lincoln Association. Mabel Taliaferro will then essay the part of Parthenia for the first time, while William Farnum will appear as the barbaric chieftain.

At Drury Lane Theatre, London, a bronze medallion of Sir Henry Irving was recently unveiled, being the gift of a committee of Italian actors and actresses, of whom Tomaso Salvini was a prominent member

The next play to be produced at the Vaudeville, in Paris, will be M. Bourget's "La Barricade."

And still we hear of those endless rehearsals of Rostand's barnyard drama at the Porte Saint-Martin, in Paris! Lucien Guitry, it seems, was unable to wear the machine devised for his beak and comb and head, and it all had to be redesigned; it has been decided, too, that the Dog (who is Jean Coquelin) shall walk on his hind legs. "Chantecler" presents so many difficulties as a stage production that we cannot help being very skeptical as to its ultimate value.

Henri Lavedan has won another triumph at the Théâtre Français with his new play, "Sire." His heroine is Mlle. de Saint-Salbi, an old aristocrat, who, in the troublous year 1848 is still convinced that her beloved dauphin—son of Louis XVI—is still alive, and her rightful king. She had seen the prince as a child, and her longing to meet him once more is so intense that it threatens life and reason. So her physician and her confessor plot a kindly deception. They have discovered a Bohemian actor wonderfully like Louis XVI, and him they secure to impersonate the missing heir. The rascal plays his part well, and the old lady is in an ecstasy of blissful adoration. But he cannot help making love to a pretty waiting maid, and this leads to his detection. Mlle. de Saint-Salbi is broken hearted over her disenchantment, and the trickster, too, is overwhelmed with shame. But what can he do to redeem himself? At this moment all Paris is in uproar as revolutionists march to the overthrow of Louis Philippe. The ancient royalist reminds him that he at least has a king, and bids him to die in his defence. Presently she hears that he has indeed laid down his life at the foot of the throne, and thus helped to ensure the escape of the fleeing monarch. M. Huguenet triumphed in his exquisite presentment of the mock prince, while Mme. Pierson made of the aged heroine a real and a sympathetic personage.

Music.

Handel. By R. A. Streatfeild. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Why has England never been one of the great musical countries? One of the answers most frequently given is that musical effort was paralyzed by the exclusive worship of Handel, which prevailed for several generations, the English public having no ears for any music beside his, except Mendelssohn's. These two men, it has been said a thousand times, had a monopoly which throttled all competition, and which it took even a giant like Wagner many years to destroy. Under his influence, however, and that of Beethoven (whose first effective missionary was the Wagnerian, Hans Richter), Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Grieg, and the modern Frenchmen, a revolution was presently brought about. The new ideas proved powerful fertilizers, and there has now grown up an English school which has some presentable names.

As a natural result of this reaction, Handel was dethroned. There is no doubt, says Mr. Streatfeild, that at the present time in England "Handel is unpopular with those who are the mouthpieces of cultivated musical opinion." Dr. Ernest Walker, in his "History of Music in England," talks light-heartedly about consigning him to the rubbish-heap. Nor do the many performances of "The Messiah" prove that he is still beloved by the masses. Many thousands of Englishmen attend this oratorio simply as a religious exercise. If Handel were really popular, his other oratorios

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—not to speak of his operas and instrumental works—would not be shelved so completely as they are. Yet, in spite of the trend of modern criticism, Mr. Streatfeild looks for a return of popularity for this former idol, or at least of more general appreciation; and his book is an attempt, clearly reasoned and admirably written, to show in what way this appreciation will manifest itself. It is the inner meaning of his music that will be sought for. Hitherto too much attention has been paid to mere questions of form. The time is coming when people will grasp the truth that what a man has to say really matters, and that the way he says it is comparatively unimportant; and when this point of view is attained, our author believes there will be a reaction in favor of a man who had a great deal to say, even though the way in which he chose to say it now seems absolutely out of date.

Thus far it is easy to accept Mr. Streatfeild's thesis. Strangely enough, he does not draw the only sound conclusion that follows from his premises. Handel's forms are dead; they cannot be revived; and the only way to save the wheat from the chaff is to winnow it and present it in modern vessels. Robert Franz and others have attempted to do this; Franz, in particular, made some of his idol's scores palatable for modern hearers, and he also selected from his obsolete works, particularly the operas (which are absolutely unknown to the public), a number of airs which, better than anything else ever written, prove our author's main contention—that Handel had a great deal to say which would interest us if we knew it. Yet, instead of embracing the noble, enthusiastic, scholarly, and judicious Franz as his strongest ally, he mentions him only once, and then contemptuously, in speaking of a certain pause in "The Messiah":

> This pause Mozart filled up with meaningless chords, while Franz, not to be outdone in tastelessness and stupidity, actually added a passage for the clarinet, anticipating the vocal phrase and completely robbing it of its marvellous dignity and pathos.

Apart from this blemish, the analysis of Handel's oratorios is most commendable. More interesting still is that of the obsolete operas. Mr. Streatfeild sees no reason why those who still have ears for Gluck's operas should not appreciate the beauties of Handel's. In his own day they were extravagantly praised, but their vogue was brief; a quarter of a century after his death they had passed almost entirely from the current repertory, and have been kept out ever since. Mr. Streatfeild not only tells about the librettos and the music of these operas, but also goes into the conditions, so different from those of our day, under which they were performed. He makes clear how political conditions sometimes favored Handel, at other times ruined him. (An interesting book might be written on Politics and Music.) At one period his aristocratic opponents fought him by carefully choosing the evening of his oratorios for their balls and card parties, even violating the sanctity of Lent in their endeavor to crush him. His life was a succession of ups and downs, which are here narrated with the vivid interest of fiction. Nor are anecdotes scorned. One of the best is the incident at a rehearsal when a young basso blundered terribly; whereupon Handel turned on him savagely, with the words: "You scoundrel, did you not tell me you could sing at sight?" and the singer answered: "Yes, sir; and so I can, but not at first sight."

Heretofore, American composers, with the exception of MacDowell, have been scantily represented in Germany in the programmes of American vocalists, the marches of Sousa, and an occasional comic opera. Grateful, then, is the tribute paid to American music in the acceptance for production next February at the Royal Opera in Berlin, of the three-act opera, "Poia," by Arthur Nevin. "Poia" is the legend of the Red Indian Mahomet, sent to earth by Natosi, the Sun God, and branded by him with a scar on the brow to expiate the sins of man. Poia loves Natoya, an Indian maid, who rebuffs him of the scar, and favors the suit of Sumatsi, the Evil-doer. Nenhau, the medicine woman, tells Poia the origin of his curse, and bids him seek the Sun God and pray for its removal. It is a simple theme, simply told in lyrical language by Randolph Hartley. Seven themes of Indian melody have been employed by the composer as leading movements. Mr. Nevin uses seven percussion instruments; four tympani, the Indian tamtam, a species of huge brass cymbal, and the xylophone. His opera lends itself to magnificent stage-pictures, and in such the Royal Opera excels. Dr. Karl Muck is in charge of the orchestra, and the opera is already cast. It is tactful of the management to have placed the leading parts in the hands of the German members of the company; for the jealousy excited by the prominence attained by American singers like Miss Farrar, and Messrs. McClennan and Griswold, has reached such a pitch in Berlin that their allotment to American singers might actually have endangered the success of this the first American opera to see the light in Europe.

Music lovers—and those of this country in particular—are under obligations to Venezuela for having given to the world the greatest of living pianists of the fair sex, Teresa Carreño, who was the teacher of our greatest composer, Edward MacDowell, and who has done much to make Europeans admire his music. She seldom plays his second concerto anywhere without having to repeat the scherzo. She has now undertaken to do missionary work for his fourth sonata, the "Keltic," which the professional pianists have not heretofore deigned to put on their programmes. Inasmuch as not even Beethoven's sonatas were played publicly in London till two decades after his death, it may appear premature to bring forward MacDowell's greatest work; but the audience which heard Mme. Carreño play it in Carnegie Hall last Saturday afternoon did not seem to think so. Such cordial applause as followed it is not often heard at a piano recital. In this sonata one finds the combination of virile energy with exquisite feminine tenderness which was a trait of Bach, Wagner, Grieg, and other European masters of the first rank; and in doing justice to both these attributes the Venezuelan once more proclaimed her place among the leading pianists most eloquently.

Handel's oratorio, "Joseph," will be performed on February 23, 1910, at Halle, the composer's native city. The date marks the hundredth anniversary of Handel's birth, and this will be the first rendition of this oratorio anywhere in Germany.

The Austrian Government intends to grant the Philharmonic Society of Vienna $600 a year. A more liberal endowment was made to this orchestra not long ago by one Rudolf Putz, who left it his house, valued at $20,000. Inquiry disclosed the fact that Putz had been a Philharmonic subscriber for thirty years and that this was his way of expressing his gratitude for the happy hours he had enjoyed.

Twenty-two works of Richard Wagner will be produced during the season of 1910 at Munich, at the Theatre of the Prince Regent, and seven of Mozart's at the Theatre of the Residence. Among the novelties included are Wagner's "Fairies" and Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne" and "Titus."

The New Bach Society has announced that its fifth Bach festival, at Duisburg, will take place June 4-7, inclusive.

Art.

THE ISOLATED ART OF DESIGN.

The London Trade Guilds are commonly supposed to be addicted solely to dining and the wearing of obsolete finery. Sometimes, however, they quit the gastronomic routine for charitable or other public purposes. For example, the Worshipful Company of Carpenters, perceiving certain defects in the building trade, last winter invited a number of architects and decorators to lecture on the needs of the situation. Their admonitions are now collected in a book called "The Arts Connected with Building." Naturally, there was considerable diversity of opinion among these nine lecturers, a fact which lends significance to their agreement on one point—namely: that the building trades languish because the designers are not practical workers, while the practical workers are incapable of design.

Probably it occurs to nobody to consider how the bad stone work, wood work, furniture, and metal-work of to-day are created. That they are produced under factory conditions most of us vaguely know. What we do not realize is that they are commonly designed by

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persons with no knowledge of the material. They are thought out not in honest stone, clay, wood, or metal, but in balanced curves and surfaces. Their design is not even workmanlike, but an isolated, nebulous abstraction called decoration. Their creators do not control materials, they simply create patterns. Good designs cannot come this way. It is actual contact with the material that gives raciness and idiom to any form of construction whether plain or decorated.

Upon the worker the effect of academically imposed design is even worse. Where proficiency requires that he should enter into the spirit of his pattern, he becomes at best a lifeless copyist and often a sullen executor of a design which he knows to be unfitted for his tools and materials. Until the eighteenth century the artisan was largely his own designer. A carpenter, for example, not merely supplied but also invented the simpler forms of woodcarving. The plasterer was a decorative modeller. Even the plumber adorned his pipe-head and cisterns with vigorous decoration that is now sought by the art collector. Nor was the demand on the artisan's invention severe. Each trade had its inheritance of methods and patterns; even dies and moulds. It was the existence of this repertory that steadied the workman designer and made his humble inventions actually better than our more pretentious efforts. Of course, the factory destroyed utterly the traditions of the handicrafts, and since the factory has plainly come to stay, the question is how to reconcile fine designing with the hard conditions of modern manufacture.

By actual reversion to handwork, something may be done. But it does not seem likely that the various craftsmen shops will be numerous or influential enough to change the entire manufacturing situation. Evidently, too, routine factory conditions hardly permit of the inventive workman. One of the London lecturers tells of a workman who managed to interest himself in the task of assembling machine-made parts into furniture. The standing order to the foreman was to change this man's job whenever signs of interest appeared, for it was found that when he used his intelligence he assembled fewer chairs. These things are a somewhat doleful parable. Yet in the finer forms of manufacture something might be done. If our most creditable decorative design of a commercial sort to-day is wrought-iron work and terra-cotta, it is because the designers in these branches habitually work in the actual material.

The lecturers before the Worshipful Company of Carpenters were especially anxious that reforms should begin with the architects, who were plainly regarded as the chief obstructors of sound design. One lecturer insisted that every architect should serve a brief apprenticeship in every art connected with building. Another suggested that by becoming moderately proficient in one craft the architect might obtain an insight into all. These observations, though based on British conditions, are possibly applicable here as well.

The desired reform might, of course, come, theoretically at least, either through making the designer work, or encouraging the worker to design. To the former course there are serious obstacles. Your designer is more or less of a superior person, an incipient artist in his own eyes, and little inclined to soil his fingers. Besides, if he wanted to work, in many cases he would have to reckon with the trade unions. As an ideal, a certain amount of instruction of workmen in the art of design seems more promising. Through night-classes and otherwrise some of the art schools already undertake this work; but, alas! too many of them practice the most attenuate forms of pattern-making *in vacuo*. In the so-called decorative trades, there is already a nucleus of workmen who can draw a pattern or work out a color scheme. Here might gradually reestablish itself the humane custom of apprenticeship. But here, too, the tyranny of the academic designer is heavy. Whenever workmen generally decide to humanize their routine task, they will probably take steps to put the finer crafts once more on an independent basis. This implies the reëstablishing of the craft traditions in a form compatible with modern life.

With "Famous Cathedrals as Seen and Described by Great Writers" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Miss Esther Singleton falls but one short of the second dozen in this manner of compilation. Gautier, Hugo, de Amicis, are the most prominent European writers represented. In general, reliance is laid upon rather obvious English sources. Ruskin, oddly enough, is not drawn on, possibly because he is less concretely descriptive than, say, the patient Hare. Miss Singleton, presumably in the absence of suitable material, does Cologne and Laon herself. This sort of stitchery does not lend itself to criticism, but possibly what Goethe had to say about Strassburg might still afford a tit-bit, while Viollet-le-Duc, if only for piety's sake, should not have been ignored. Still for those who take their reading in capsules there are few more intelligent and amiable pharmacists than Miss Singleton.

We have received from the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, a "Catalogue of Bronzes, etc., Reproduced from Originals in the National Museum of Naples." This list comprises 300 numbers, with full archæological notes, by Prof. F. B. Tarbell and George A. Dorsey, curator of the department. It has numerous plates, and aside from its anthropological value, will be useful to students of applied design. Everything that is typical of the household utensils of Pompeii and its neighborhood is here included. The pamphlet is No. 130 of Museum publications, Vol. VIII, No. 3, of the anthropological series.

To The Art Galleries of Europe (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is added "The Art of the Belgian Galleries," by Esther Singleton. Like nearly all the work of that industrious writer, this is a careful compilation from approved sources. It affords a readable commentary for the tourist, and naturally betrays a few defects in scholarship. Having dug so deep among the minor painters, Miss Singleton should have mentioned that echo of Gerard David, Adrian Ysenbrant. She appears to be unaware that the elder Joos van Cleef and the "Master of the Death of the Virgin" are presumably one and the same person. The Latin legends quoted from Jan van Eyck's pictures lack the marks of contraction which make the text give sense. There are no Giottos at Antwerp. The lovely Madonna by Foucquet, which the Brussels gallery acquired a few years ago from the Huybrechts Collection, is not mentioned. This confirms a suspicion that the book is based not upon a recent personal visit but upon other books. There are forty-eight clear halftone cuts. With a somewhat more careful revision this well-constructed book might be made very useful. Its blemishes are in details of a relatively unimportant kind.

"Home Decoration," by Dorothy Tuke Priestman (The Penn Publishing Co.), will warn what it calls the "home maker" against the worst lapses in taste. It also gives many practical suggestions for those who must furnish with limited means. Especially commendable to us seems its championship of paint for furniture and woodwork. It is the cheapest harmonizer and one of the most satisfactory. That bad wall papers may be calcimined is news to us, but it seems a quick and inexpensive counsel of despair. We cannot join the author in urging the home maker to mould pots and stencil her own walls. It is only too true that "Those who have no knowledge of drawing may find some difficulty in making original designs." What is written on the complicated subject of hangings is sensible, but it is surprising to find no mention of the merits of kilims for *portières*. There are also useful hints for the utilization of small spaces in city houses and apartments, on rug weaving, on staining woodwork, and on elementary carpentry.

"Illuminated Manuscripts," by John Bradley, is the latest addition to the useful series of Little Books on Art (McClurg). Mr. Bradley has labored valiantly with the difficulties of his vast theme, and has assembled skilfully a great amount of literary and antiquarian information. This ballast of facts he carries lightly; the book is good reading. We notice certain rather disquieting faults of omission and disproportion. The supremacy of French illumination is fully admitted in the text, but this school is scamped as to space. The fine artist André Beauneveu, from whom we have not only miniatures but precious sketches, is not even mentioned in the text, though included in the list of MSS. A similar silence prevails as to the Hesdin school and the even more important problem of the so-called Limbourg illustrators. Mr. Bradley does not cite Durrieu's standard editions of the famous

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Hours of the Duke of Berri, or yet the Eyckian miniatures at Turin, and is oblivious of the whole Franco-Flemish controversy in which the late M. Bouchot played so militant a part. These may be intentional omissions. If so, they are unfortunate ones. Into the crucial question whether the famous artists whose names are transmitted worked themselves on the vellum or merely furnished designs for artisan illuminators, Mr. Bradley does not enter. Italian titles in the bibliography are carelessly printed. Milanesi's Sienese "Documenti" is cited, but, oddly enough, not his little treatise on Italian Miniaturists. Ongania's facsimile of the Grimani Breviary should be mentioned as one of the cheapest and most accessible of color reproductions. By bringing the book up to date and adding further illustrations (there are twenty-one plates) it might be made over into a really excellent manual. Its defects are rather in minuter matters of scholarship than in judgment and taste.

C. Haldane McFall's chapters on "Beautiful Children Immortalized by the Masters" are more biographical of the painters than of the children painted; but they are written, if not exactly down to the child's level, yet in a simple and easy vein. The full-page colored plates reproduce fifty famous pictures of children and are well selected. The reproductions are generally good, though we notice occasionally the messiness that almost inevitably goes with this form of printing in its present state of development; and we are repelled at times by a falseness in the color, especially in some of the reds which tend to look dirty. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Bates & Guild Co. publishes a monograph on "The Madonna," by Philip L. Hale, with a series of photographic reproductions of famous pictures.

To the tiny albums of the Great Galleries Series (H. M. Caldwell & Co.) is added the Wallace collection. There are forty-five clearly printed half-tone reproductions of the most famous pictures at Hertford House with succinct explanations at the foot of each plate.

The publication and sale of illustrated postal cards has reached such astounding proportions in Germany that in favored localities the business in cards alone is often equal, for a bookseller, to his trade in books. Publishers of *Prachtausgaben*, or elaborate editions of the poets and masters of the brush, for which there is no longer a paying demand, have discovered in the artistic postal a new use for their precious plates, and art of the highest type is thus distributed widely at moderate cost. Now a German investigator shows that the illustrated postal is nothing very new. This *Buchwurm* has discovered that the *Almanach de la petite Poste* made the following announcement in 1777:

> Printed matter in the form of cards is now in circulation which may be sent through the post, and which contains open and visible communications. This novelty is the invention of the printer Demaison, and caused much comment.

The death of Henri de Morgan at Château d'Orliénas (Rhône), in the fifty-fifth year of his age, is announced. He was a recognized archæologist and numismatist. In recent years he had made far-reaching examinations into the earlier history of upper Egypt.

Finance.

STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

On Monday, the Sixty-fifth Congress, whose deliberations during the recent extra session were restricted to the tariff bill, reconvened. It is an old tradition of the Stock Exchange that markets are likely to decline a bit when Congress assembles and to advance a bit when it adjourns. The tradition gained especial vogue in the eighties and the early nineties, when every one knew that chances favored introduction of a "silver bill," over which a stormy controversy, with resultant uneasiness in financial circles, would presently arise. In the older days, the heat of the debate would evoke such highly reassuring remarks as, "What do we care for 'abroad'?" or, "I am in favor of issuing paper currency enough to stuff down the bondholders until they are sick." It was little wonder that the opening of a session was a terrifying event to Wall Street.

The fact that questions of regulating railway and industrial corporations were bound to come up on the calendar of Congress, has been the main cause of misgiving on the eve of recent sessions. Naturally, feeling of this nature was particularly widespread during Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, when it was hard to say whether the terror professed by great corporations with a vulnerable side to law was inspired more by the prospect of new legislation, or by expectation of vigorous denunciation in the President's message. We have a President to-day with a less trenchant style of public speech. Nevertheless, that the same questions will play their part in the coming session is a certainty, and it is legitimate to ask how Wall Street will be influenced thereby. On Monday, when Congress assembled, prices on the Stock Exchange declined; on Tuesday they advanced, and nobody seemed able to say whether the reconvening of Congress had been an influence, or not. To what extent it will be an influence later on, depends in part on the character of the new Congress, in part on the President's attitude, and in part on the nature of the corporation situation itself.

Though elected only one year after a great financial panic, the present Congress does not represent an explosion of general discontent. If it did, then the Opposition party would be in the majority—which is not the case. On the other hand, even the tariff debate has shown the existence of a powerful faction in the dominating party, which is progressive in the sense of wishing to deal boldly with what it deems abuses. President Taft has already outlined his own purpose of suggesting legislation to control such railway financiering as made possible Union Pacific's Stock Exchange exploits under Mr. Harriman, and perhaps of outlining a proposed reconstruction of the Anti-Trust law of 1890.

There is left the question, whether the corporate interests do or do not need regulation and restriction of the sort proposed. If they do not, then Wall Street and the country at large would be warranted in misgiving over Congress. If they do, then not only everyday citizens, but the financial markets, should interest themselves in seeing the task promptly and judiciously performed.

The fundamentally important consideration, so far as regards the attitude of the Stock Exchange towards Washington, is that recent lawmaking has not been of a helter-skelter character, and has not been, like the numerous radical proposals of two or three decades ago in currency legislation, the outcome of sectional jealousy, hard times, and popular discontent. The laws restraining activities of corporations, debated in Congress during the past half-dozen years, have been drawn by men of thought and training. They have been subjected on the floor of Congress to thorough discussion, often on a very high plane, and have been carefully and liberally amended.

This removes one of the apprehensions which surrounded the opening of a new session, a generation ago. There still remains, however, the dislike of great corporations to being restrained or regulated at all, and the argument is familiar that values on the Stock Exchange are shaken because bills with that purpose have come up, or are about to come up, in Congress. On this point, there are two comments to be made. One is, that even Stock Exchange values have not declined of recent years because of Congressional legislation. Their general course, during the period of such activities, has been upward, and there have been occasions—the season after the Hepburn Railway Rate Law of 1906 was passed, for instance—when a violent rise in stocks has been the immediate sequel.

The other natural comment is, that the laws in restraint of corporations are in the main framed quite as much in the interest of investors as in the interest of the general public. The advantages of a monopolistic combination in restraint of trade are never equitably distributed. The men in control of such an enterprise will have their power increased, their tenure of office made permanent, and their private ends undoubtedly subserved. The army of shareholders may find their dividends increased, as in the Standard Oil Com-

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pany, or they may find them decreased, as in the Amalgamated Copper. Chances, so far as recent experience has taught, are fairly even. But, in proportion as monopoly grows complete and capitalization grows enormous, the shareholder certainly loses the power, by combination with his fellow-shareholders, to protect himself against incompetent management; and by no means all the new Trusts of the decade past have been competently managed.

Investment brokers occasionally complain of great mergers of corporations, and welcome their dissolution, on the ground that such combinations reduce the number of stocks that can be dealt in. This is an argument with somewhat larger scope than the simple dislike to curtailment of a broker's commissions. The more separate stocks the investor has to choose from, the better chance he will enjoy to separate the good from the bad. The greater the combination into which other corporations have been merged, the less chance for selection he will have, and the greater will be his difficulty in ascertaining the exact industrial outlook and investment promise of the enterprise. This is perhaps one reason why financial markets have not looked with particular dismay on conservative efforts of Congress, in the past few years, to regulate great corporations.

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Abbott, E. Women in Industry. Appleton. $2 net.
Addleshaw, P. Sir Philip Sidney. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Ash, F. A Trip to Mars. Lippincott.
Baldwin, M. Muriel and Her Aunt Lu: a Tale of Paris. Lippincott.
Baring-Gould, S. Family Names and Their Story. Lippincott. $3 net.
Becker-Rhoades Elements of German. Revised edition. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Bennett, J. La Belle San Antone. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.
Bierce, A. Write it Right: a Little Blacklist of Literary Faults. Neale Pub. Co.
Bingham, C. Come and Go: a Novel Book for Children. Dutton. $2.
Browning, E. B. Sonnets from the Portuguese. Illustrations by M. Armstrong Putnam. $2 net.
Browning, R. Dramatis Personæ and Dramatic Romances and Lyrics. Ill. by E. F. Brickdale.
Browning, Robert. Selections from poems and plays, edited for school use by M. Reynolds. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Bryan, W. J. Speeches, 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls. $2 net.
Butler, E. From Sketch-Book and Diary. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Carrington, H. Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena. B. W. Dodge & Co. $2 net.
Carus, P. Philosophy as a Science. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Charles M. Sheldon Year Book, arr. and compiled by C. D. Crane. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. $1.
Chesterton, G. K. The Ball and the Cross. Lane Co. $1.50.
Clegg's Directory of Booksellers. 1910. Dodd, Mead.
Cockshott, W. The Pilgrim Fathers. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Collier, A. Clavis Universalis. Edited with intro. and notes by E. Bowman. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Connor, R. The Angel and The Star; Beyond the Marshes. Revell. 25 cents each.
Connor, R. The Foreigner. G. K. Doran Co.
Conway, J. P. The Question of the Hour: a Survey of the Catholic Church in the United States. McBride Co. $1.25 net.
Croiset, M. Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens. Trans. by J. Loeb. Macmillan.
Danny Dime's Bank Book. Detroit: Curtis Advertising Co.
Davidson, G. Stories from the Operas. Third series. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Davis, C. G. Why Not Now? Boston: R. G. Badger.
Dawson, A. J. Finn the Wolfhound. Lippincott.
De Bunsen, Madame C. In Three Legations. Scribner. $3.50.
Dykes, J. O. The Divine Worker in Creation and Providence Scribner. $2.25.
Echoes of Naples (Thirty Neapolitan Songs). Edited by M. Favillo. Ditson. $1.25.

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Ende, A. von. New York. (German.) Lemcke & Buechner.
Faulding, G. M. Old Man's Beard—and Other Tales. Dutton. $1.50.
Flick, A. C. The Rise of the Mediæval Church. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Forbes, G. History of Astronomy. Putnam. 75 cents.
Fouqué, De la Motte. Undine. Adapted from the German by W. L. Courtney. Ill. by A. Rackham. Doubleday, Page.
Garnett, R. The Life of W. J. Fox. Lane Co. $5 net.
George, William R.. The Junior Republic. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Goldston, W. Tricks and Illusions for Amateurs and Professional Conjurers. Dutton. $1.50.
Greely, A. W. A Handbook of Polar Discoveries. New edition. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.
Hall, F. O. "Soul and Body." Boston: Universalist Pub. House. $1.
Harding, S. B., and W. F. The Story of England: Elementary history. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Hellman, G. S. The Hudson and Other Poems. Putnam. $1.50.
Irving, W. Rip Van Winkle. Decorations by R. W. Sawyer. Boston: Luce & Co.
Jones, J. D. The Birthday of Hope. Revell. 25 cents net.
Kroeger, E. R. Hand Expansions and Contractions. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.
Kropotkin, P. A. The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793. Trans. from the French by N. Dryhurst. Putnam. $2.25 net.
Leckie, J. H. Authority in Religion. Scribner. $2.
Le Feuvre, A. His Birthday: a Christmas Sketch. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Lémonon, E. L'Europe et la Politique britannique (1882-1909). Paris: Félix Alcan.
Lenôtre, G. The Tribunal of The Terror: A Study of Paris in 1793-1795. From the French, by F. Lees. Lippincott.
Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm. Edited with intro. and notes by O. Heller. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Liber Primus Communium Naturalium Fratris Rogeri. Edited by R. Steele. Frowde.
Lobinger, C. S. The People's Law. Introduction by G. E. Howard. Macmillan. $4 net.
Lowell, P. The Evolution of Worlds. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings. Edited for school use by A. G. Newcomer. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
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